

Vertue^{19/} Betray'd:
O R,
ANNA BULLEN.
A
TRAGEDY.

ACTED at His
Royal Highness
THE
DUKE's Theatre.

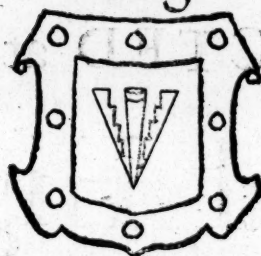
Written by JOHN BANKS.

Crescit sub Pondere Virtus.

L O N D O N:

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Lord Crewe's
Charity



Durham, England

TO THE
ILLUSTRIOUS PRINCESS,
ELIZABETH,
DUTCHESS of
SOMERSET.

Madam,

HAVING met with Success in a Poem of this Nature, I was encourag'd to proceed, and lay the Scene again in a Country that, perhaps, hath not been, nor is now inferior for Heroick Personages to any part of the World; and if It is not so esteem'd, it has been through the dulness of our Historians, or the Ingratitude or Designs of our Poets, who may think it an easier Course to write of the Improbable and Romantick Actions of Princes remote, both by distance of Time and Place, than to be confin'd at home, where ev'ry School-Boy has a right to be a Crittick, and ev'ry Gentleman an Interest to stand the Champion of his Family, against a rash and inconsiderate Author. I say, not this to derogate from those

The DEDICATION.

excellent Persons, who, I ought to believe, have written more to please their Audiences, than themselves; but to persuade them, as *Homer*, and our *Shakespear* did, to Immortalize the Places where they were Born; and then, perhaps, I will sit down, and leave it to much abler Pens.

When I was resolv'd to do my Country this Justice, where cou'd I pitch upon an *Hero* more considerable, than out of Your Grace's Family? What Chronicle cou'd I consult, that would have inform'd me of a Greater? The very Crown it self, oblig'd by so many gallant Supporters, wou'd have told me a *Piercy*-----*Piercy* whose Illustrious Name and Blood, having for a long Series of years ran through the Persons of so many Earls of *Northumberland*: And if that inestimable Chain was almost broken, in the unfortunate Death of Your Father, it were never enough to be deplor'd, had not the Rich Treasure and Crystal Stream of all your Predecessors Blood and Vertues been stor'd in You, which (now You have submitted to take a Noble Partner, as Angels have delighted to Converse with Men) may prove the second and more lasting Fountain, from whence shall spring as many Princes more, and You restore what the Great *Jocelin* had like to have lost. There is so much of Divinity and Wisdom in Your Choice, that none but the Almighty ever did the like; and that was, when to the Solitary First of Men he gave a Wife, and with her, the World and *Eden* for a Dower: *England* adores You for it; the Protestant Religion blesses You; the Saints above
sing

The DEDICATION.

sing loud Your Praise, and the Chief of all, young *Edward*, its great Establisher, looks down with Joy to see his happy Successor lye in your Armes. This great Day of *Jubile*, how doubly Fortunate has it made Me! since this exalted Piece, which I design'd for an humble Offering, may prove an *Epithalamium*! Long may You love, and live a thousand Years, e're envious Death shall part you; for every Day of such illustrious Lovers is more worth than whole Years of sordid Life beside. But why do I suppose that You should ever dye! You have a thousand Charms, and Youth impregnable against Deaths Batteries this many Ages yet; and who ever was so happy as to see your incomparable Mother, and how many Years of Beauty she has to come, will think that Yours shall never fade, but always bloom: You look as if you had nothing Mortal in you; Your Guardian Angel scarcely is more a Deity than You, and the bright Planet that shin'd with such amazing Influence at Your Birth, makes not a more glorious Figure in the Heavens, than You on Earth.

When I made choice of so excellent a Subject, I was not to seek for a Dedication: I was commanded to it, even by the good Fate of the Play: For before what Patroness shou'd I kneel, but Her, the Character of whose great Ancestor was the chiefest Stroak and Lineament that made it acceptable to the World? and it is as much Your Grace's due, as First-Fruits are to Monarchs. For *Anna Bullen*, though I drew her in all the nicest *Ideas* that ever my Pen or Fancy could be capable of; yet, I confess, she comes short of the

Ex--

The DEDICATION.

Excellency of Your real Perfections; and though her Merits rais'd her to a Crown, and she was Queen, her Fortunes were less Miraculous than Yours. For Heaven, without a Diadem, never shew'd down so many admirable Blessings of Virtue, Beauty, Birth, Wit, and Fortune, upon any One of Your Sex before. I dare no further attempt their Description with my Ignorance, lest I speak too Meanly or Irreverently of 'em; therefore I'll leave the mighty Subject to some more Glorious Pen: For none but a *Cowley*, or the best of *Laureats*, ought to write of you: My mean Stile has no other Ornament than Truth; and with that, and in all Humility, I return Thanks for Your most Gracious Acceptance of so poor a Trifle, which has scarce given a more happy Life to the Play, than it has to the Author, who is, Madam,

Your Grace's most Humble,

most Obedient, and

most Devoted Servant,

J. Banks.

PROLOGUE Spoken to Anna Bullen, written by a Person of Quality.

TO all Impartial Judges in the Pit,
And ev'ry beauteous Patroness of Wit;
I'm sent to plead the Poets Cause, and say,
There's not one Slander in his modest Play:

He brings before your Eyes a modern Story,
Let meddles not with either Whig, or Tory.
Was't not enough, vain Men of either side,
Two Roses once the Nation did divide?

But must it be in danger now agen,
Betwixt our Scarlet, and Green-Ribbon Men?
Who made this difference, were not Englands Friends;
Be not their Tools to serve their Plotting Ends.

Damn the State-Fop, who here his Zeal discovers,
And o're the Stage, like our ill Genius, hovers:

Give us a Pit of Drunkards, and of Lovers;
Good Sanguine Men, who mind no State Affair,
But bid a base World of it self take Care.

We hope there lives not so abhorr'd a Thing,
But loves his Country, and wou'd serve his King.

But in your Parties, why should we engage,
Or meddle with the Plots of a mad Age?

We lose enough by those upon the Stage.

Welcome Mask-Teazer, Peevish Gamster, Huffer;
All Fools, but Politicians, we can suffer;

A Gods name, let each keep to his Vocation;
Our Trade is to mend You, and not the Nation:

Besides, our Author has this further End,
'Tis not enough if but One Side's his Friend;

He needs you All, his weakness to defend:
And to oblige you to't, hopes he has shown

No Country has Men braver than your own.

His Hero's all to England are consn'd;

To your own Fathers (sure) you will be kind.

He brings no Forreigners to move your Pity,

But sends them to a Fury of the City.

The

PERSONS Represented.

KING Harry.

Cardinal.

Northumberland.

Piercy.

Rochford.

Mr. Smith.

Mr. Gillow.

Mr. Wiltshire.

Mr. Betterton.

Mr. Jos. Williams.

Anna Bullen.

Lady Diana Talbot.

Lady Eliz. Blunt.

Young Princess Elizabeth.

Mrs. Barry.

Mrs. Petty.

Ladies, Gentlemen, Attendants, and Guards.

SCENE

L O N D O N.

VERTUE

BETRAY'D:

O R,

Anna Bullen.

ACT I SCENE I.

Enter Northumberland and Rochford.

North. **T**His is the Day shall Crown your Parents wishes,
And long expecting hopes: The King intends
To publish streight his Marriage with your Sister,
And make her known by th' Title of his Queen:

The Reason why it was so long kept secret,
Was our great Cardinal's Delays, and Tricks
Of Rome, which *Harry* has with Frowns discover'd:
But since, in spite of *Woolsey* and the Conclave,
By Reverend *Cranmer* has the Cause been try'd;
And *Katherine* is this day proclaim'd divorc'd.

Roch. Heav'n be my Witness, brave *Northumberland*!
It joyes not me, but that it is his pleasure,
Whose Happiness we all are bound to pray for;
And may my Sister's Crown sit lighter on
Her Brow, than does the Honour upon mine:
Something of boding whispers to my Soul,
And tells me, Oh! this Marriage will be fatal——
Methinks I see a Sword ty'd to a Thread,

B

Small

Small as a Hair, hang o're our Pageant Greatness:
Believe me, Friend ; Thrones are severest Touch-stones;
And, like the Emblem of their Guard, the Lyon,
All but of Royal-Blood they will destroy.

North. My Lord, this is severe to all that love you;
And you reflect unkindly on your Fortunes.

Roch. Fortune! why did she lay her load on her?
A load, I say, to quiet Minds——she should
Have cast it upon one that was ambitious:
My Lord, it had been kindly done of Fortune,
T' have seen my Sister wedded to her Vows,
Your *Peircy's* Wife; and not at one time made her
Both Cruel to the Queen, and False to him.

North. You know, my Lord, we all are Witnesses
With what remorse she took the Regal Burthen,
That fate upon her like a heavy Armour
On a Child's back; she stagger'd with the Weight.

Roch. Oh! may it not be fatal to us, Heav'n!
For at the very time she gave her Hand
To th' eager King to fasten't with a Pledge,
The Ring fell off, and could no more be found.

North. Meer Chance, my Lord.

Roch. And then immediately,
When the glad Ceremonies were perform'd,
The amorous King bending to kiss her Hand,
A shower of Pearls broke passage from her Eyes,
And all-bedew'd his Head with ominous Tears.

North. The common use of every bashful Bride.

Roch. What will she do when she shall understand
Our foul Designs, and *Peircy's* Innocence;
His Letters to her that you intercepted,
And counterfeited others to deceive her,
To make her once believe that he was marry'd:
But what a mortal Grief will seize your Son,
When he shall find his Mistress was betray'd;
And forc'd to marry one she cannot love?

North. To prevent that: Soon as he's come to Court,
Just but to see she's marry'd, and no more,
(Not giving him the time for second thoughts)
I'll make a Match between him and the Heiress

Of *Shrewsbury*.

Roch. A very gallant Lady.

As Virtuous, Beautiful, and Richer far
Than all our Generation of that Sex.

North. You wrong your self to flatter me. Her Father
Brings her this day on purpose from the Country:
But the Queen thinks already they are marry'd.

Roch. And are you sure to gain your Sons consent,
To what he has been still so obstinate?

North. Rage and Despair, when he shall find her false,
Will make him rashly change to any state;
And, thinking to be miserable, will plunge
Into the dreadful Sea of Matrimony,
And make himself, though much against his Will,
The happiest man that ever was on Earth.

Enter Cardinal Woolsey musing.

Behold the proud imperious Cardinal,
With such a furious Tempest on his Brow,
As if the World's four Winds were pent within
His blustering Carkass. He has heard the News,
And comes to argue with his Friend the Devil,
The Reason of his No-Intelligence

Roch. The Poppedom now, and all the Wealth in Rome,
Can scarcely recompence him for the fright
This News has put him in——See how he staggers,
Giddy with th' height his Pride has rais'd him to.
'Tis then most fatal to unhappy *England*
When such ChurchBlazing-Stars appear in it. [*Ex. North. and Roch.*]

Card. Marry'd in private, and declar'd his Queen!
Katherine divorc'd, and *Anna Bullen* marry'd!
Now, by our Holy Father's Triple-Crown
It must not, cannot, nay, it shall not be.
Where was your aid, that time, you slothful Saints,
You whom false Zeal created in more numbers
Than e're the Heathen made and worshipp'd Gods?
A *Lutheran* Queen upon the Throne of *England*!
She to lye in the Bosom of our Prince!
A Buxom King, that for a wanton Smile
Will pawn his Faith, and turn an Heretick!

VERTUE Betray'd: Or,

Enter the Lady Elizabeth Blunt.

Blunt. Awake thou wretched dreaming Priest, look up:
Can you behold your proud Saint *Peter* shake?
The mighty Pillar of that spreading Church
That holds the great Religion of the World
To stagger, and bestow no help, no aid
From mighty *Woolsey's* Shoulders to support it?
Is this the great King-Cardinal, who late
From smallest Root began to shade the Land,
And stood the tallest Cedar of the Church?
Shame to thy Priest-hood, and thy Scarlet Robe,
Ev'n thou to whom the liberal See of *Rome*
Has given all, next giving of her self:
Unworthy Servant of so kind a Mistress.

Card. What does the Fairest mean?

Blunt. Ha! must I teach thee?
Art thou the Thing that from the Chaff of Mankind,
From the base scurrilous Rubbish of the World,
First found thy self a way to thrive by Wit?
Then edging it with sharpest Villanies,
Mow'd thee a passage to thy Princes Breast,
And cut down all the Virtuous from his sight,
Who chose thee for the Champion of his Vices;
Whilst thou with labour let loose all their Sluces,
And pour'd them like a Torrent in his Bosom:
This you did once confess to me, and more,
When you declar'd how hot you were in love——
Bullen is Queen, the Crown you promis'd me
Now wreaths her Head——Are these the hopes you gave me,
When once you said my Son should be a King?
The News not stirs your Wonder! Hell and Furies!

Card. What wou'd you I should do to serve you?

Blunt. Forgive me, tender *Woolsey*, pious Cardinal!
Shall I then teach your Scarlet Priesthood Blood?
I would have done as *Alexander* did,
The Sixth, and the most merciful so nam'd;
Are there no Consecrated Weapons left?
Or have you lost the Power to make 'em so?

Give.

ANNA BULLEN.

5

Give me Saint *Dagger* or Saint *Poison* straight,
And I will do that Meritorious Act:
Dispatch her streight to Hell, from whence she fetch'd
Those Looks that robb'd me of the King and Crown.

Card. Have patience, Madam.

Blunt. Preach it to the Damn'd,
To those that feel the Rack or Inquisition—
Curse on your Gown Apologies: but more
Be curst the time of *Bullen's* fatal Birth;
Wrinkles like Age anticipate her Youth;
Mildews and Blasts devour her wanton Beauties;
Small-Pox and Leprosies rough-cast her o're;
Dig up her Charms and Features by the Roots,
And bury 'em in Pits as deep as Graves.

Card. Study some Act that may revenge this Fury,
This hurts no more than Barks of Coward Curs;
She lives, and is as beautiful as ever:
Be rul'd by me, who like a dreadful Piece,
Am sure to kill, where-e're I take my aim,
Before they hear the Noise or see the Flame.

Blunt. Oh tell me how to quench this Fire within!
That burns me up with thoughtful Injury.

Card. An easie way I'll chalk to your Revenge,
A Road not steep, nor dangerous, but smooth;
So unsuspected, and so fatal too,
That the Queens Fancy and deluded Genius;
Shall tempt her in the same disssembled Path,
Taking her by the other hand with us,
And lead her in the Pit prepar'd for her.

Blunt. Go on my *Woolsey*, charming as the young,
And more melodious than a Quire of Angels.

Card. This then it is: The King you know's inconstant,
As jealous and as teasty as old Age,
So covetous of the pleasure he possesses,
That he who does but look upon't must dye,
With her, whose innocent Charms did force him to't.

Blunt. But how shall we be backt with a pretence?

Card. 'Tis easie to give fire to that fond Breast
That is already charg'd with jealous Sulphur:
The Queen loves *Piercy*, that may be a means;

And

And Spies may be laid every where to watch
 Their Private Meetings, and their very looks,
 And then acquaint the Hot-brain'd King with it:
 So streight their joyful Destinies are seal'd.

Blunt. Most admirable!

Card. If we fail in this,

Some cry'd-up Beauty, ne're yet seen at Court;
 Must be found out, to put her in his way,
 And take the Amorous King: 'Twill certain do;
 For then no greedy Falcon, when he sees the Lure,
 Will flye down swifter to be catch'd and hooded,
 Than he into the Fetters of her Charms.

Blunt. O come to my Embrace, thou Godlike Priest!
 Balm to my wounded and my tortur'd Bosom.

Card. Go streight, and haste about the Intelligence.

Blunt. I will. Good Fortune has been so propitious,
 To make young *Rochford*, *Anna Bullen's* Brother,
 Enamour'd of my Beauty; him I'll mould,
 Sound ev'ry thought of his unguarded Soul,
 Linking him close in amorous Intrigues,
 'Till I have discover'd from him our Design
 Of *Peircy's* Love, and of his Sisters Conduct.

Card. An Accident, the luckiest that could happen!
 Behold the Queen in her first State and Greatness,—
 But yet she bears it with no welcome meen:
Peircy hangs heavy on her heart, and in her Eyes;
 It works, it manages as we would have it:
 And in her heedless Innocence she fails,
 Shunning no Rocks, no Quick-sands, nor no Danger,
 But runs into her Ruine faster than
 We wish.

Blunt. Her Crown is hideous to my sight,
 Its Jewels fatal as the Eyes of Basilisks:
 O Cardinal! This Rival-Queen and I
 Should never meet but in the Scales of Death,
 That weigh all Mortals even and alike.

Queen

Queen Anne appears seated upon a Throne. Northumberland, Rochford, Lords, Ladies, Attendants and Guards about her.

Omnes. Long live King *Henry*, and Queen *Anne* of *England*.

North. Immortal live Great Queen of *England*, *France*,
And *Ireland*, and for ever rule the Heart
Of Conquering *Henry*, as he Reigns o're us
And all his faithful Subjects——

I speak it as the Wishes and the Voice
Of your most Loyal Kingdoms; to confirm it,
Sound straight your loudest Instruments of Joy,
And shout as I do, all that love their Queen.

Queen rises from her Throne, [Shouts and Trumpets within.

Queen. These Sounds might lift another to the Heav'ns!
But what is Musick to the Ear that's deaf;
Or Crowns and Scepters to a dying Wretch?
Despair turns all alike that comes to me,
Blind to the Pomp that glads all Eyes but mine;
Deaf to its Charms, and dead to all its Glories.

[Trumpets and Shouts again.]

Cease you more empty Flatterers than Winds;
Be silent as the Sorrows in my Breast:
If you will give me ease, forbear such Flatteries:
For I receive 'em with as little joy,
As ev'n those silly Wretches utter them,
Having no other Reason but vile Custom.
My Noble Lords!

I know you all are Loyal to the King,
And for his sake you are thus kind to me;
But for the Rabble, who can read that *Sphinx*?
Their very Breath that now Proclaims, with joy,
Sad *Katherine* to be no longer Queen,
And my unwelcome Coronation,
Would the same moment, should my Stars permit,
Shout louder at the Sentence of my Death.

Card. Most glorious and beloved of *England's* Queens!
O lay not on our Nation such a Curse,
As a suspicion of its Faith to you.
I dare be bold, and say it, as a Priest,

As Confessour to all my Country's Guilt,
 There's none, how mean soever with my self,
 But loves you more than life, or darling Riches,
 Wishing to feel severest Penance here,
 And Hell hereafter, rather than behold
 You less a Queen, or less ador'd than now.

Queen. They have my thanks, next kind good natur'd *Woolsey*,
 Who cannot but be real, 'cause he says it.

Card. Oh that your Majesty would think so ever,
 And that my proud endeavours, with success,
 First whisper'd in the Bosom of the King
 The secret Wonders of your Mind and Person,
 And made him soon discover all your Beauties,
 Those rare Perfections, that above your Sex
 Have merited his Passion and his Crown.

Queen. O Reverend, pious, best of Cardinals!
 Who too well knows
 By whose high hand I climb'd this malic'd Greatness,
 And wear this envy'd Crown.

Card. May Heav'n and Stars
 Pour their just hatred on——

Queen. Cease Execrations;
 For should they come to pass, as Heav'n forbid,
 What wou'd the miserable Nation do?
 Besides 'twere pity to the King and me,
 That we should lose so exquisite a Head,
 And such a Prelate should be damn'd so soon.

Card. Ten thousand Saints, more than my Royal Master,
 Are Witnesses to th' truth of what I say.

Queen. As many Saints and Myriads of bright Angels
 Can witness of the blackness of thy Soul,
 That canker'd first the Conscience of thy Master,
 Misleading him with hopes to purge a sin,
 To act the worst, ev'n a Religious Guilt——

Card. The wise and just Omnipotence——

Queen. No more:
 Hell's not so full of Torments, as thy Soul
 Has Blasphemies to be rewarded in it——
 Give me some ease, just Heav'n! if there be any——
 My Lords! if there's no more for you to act

To perfect or unmake this Ceremony,
 (Oh that it cou'd be done!) retire a while,
 And leave me with my Women for some Moments——
 What am I then a Prisoner to be guarded ?
 Has then a Throne cost me so dear a Price,
 As forfeit of my Liberty of Thinking ?
 Do Princes barter for their Crowns their Freedoms ?
 Good Heav'n! not think! nor pray if I have need——
 If I am Queen, why am I not obey'd?

Card. We'll all perform your Majesties Command.

[*Ex. all but her Women.*]

Queen. Am I got loose, loose from this worrying Scene
 Of dismal State, that always loads a Monarch,
 And racks him with dissembling Torturers?
 O wretched state of Princes! that want nothing
 But a Retreat from Business and from Crowds;
 Yet wanting that, want every thing that's happy,
 A Soul at ease——O sacred Solitude!
 How airy and delightful are thy Walks ?
 No stinging Serpent, nor worse Insect Man,
 Disturb thy fragrant and enamell'd Paths;
 No Winter-Blasts, nor *Autumn* Winds molest
 Thy sacred Grotto's, all around is Summer;
 Nothing broods there but an Eternal Spring,
 Mild as all *May*, and Beautiful as *Eden*:
 Thou charitable Good! that from th' afflicted
 Unloads the heavy Burdens that oppress them,
 And plants Repose in every Breast in stead!

Enter a Lady.

Lady. The Lady *Diana Talbot* begs admittance,
 To pay her Duty to your Majesty.

Queen. What say'st! Thou'st rous'd a Dragon in my Breast,
 Which I had thought for ever to have husht:
 That Name sets every Pulse again at work
 Within me——*Talbot*! how art thou mistaken?
 She's *Piercy's* now; And *Piercy* all his hers.

Lady. Shall she be brought to your Presence?

Queen. Ay—No—Yes——

Do any thing, so 'twill be sure to kill me:
 O *Piercy*! *Piercy*! would thou ne're hadst been
 Unfaithful, or at least in being so,
 Hadst never taught me how to be reveng'd:
 But oh the dismal Pain is all my own,
 And like an Arrow from an o'rebent Bow,
 The hasty Dart turn'd back and hurt my self,
 Wounding that Breast where I least meant my aim.
 How soft and tender were our mutual Vows,
 Which since another's Charms, like Lightning, blasted;
 Whilst Parents Threats and Kings Authority,
 Rent me, like Thunder, from my fixt Resolves:
 Th' art marry'd now, and all those amorous sighs,
 And passionate tears, with thousand Extasies,
 Which we both learnt and taught to one another,
 Like innocent Children in the School of love,
 Are now the Arts with which, false man! th' hast caught
 Anothers fond believing heart, they are.

Enter Lady Diana Talbor.

She comes, triumphant in her Eyes the joy
 That once like Tides o're-flow'd my fruitful Breast.
 How proud she bears her self to see my pain!
 Whilst I look up to her, and sigh in vain!
 But I will hide it, and forgive me Heav'n;
 For 'tis the first time that I e're dissembled——
 "Rise dear *Diana*, you have been a Stranger;
 Could nothing but a Queen drag you to Court?
 I owe this Kindness to my Royalty,
 And not your Friendship——

[*Diana kneels.*

Dian. Pardon, mighty Princess!
 I had been blest for ever in your Presence,
 Charming in all Estates as well as now,
 Had I been Mistress of my Inclinations.
 But——

Queen. 'Tis no matter, I'll allow your Reason,
 A Cause so indispensable and just,
 That 'twere a fault in me to blame such Virtue.

Dian. Indeed a Parents Will ought still to be

Obey'd,

Obeſy'd, next Duty to your Maſteſty.

Queen. And ſomething yet more binding—Do not bluſh—
Come I'll unriddle all, and ſpare your Tongue
The trouble, and your baſhful Cheeks the Fire,

Dian. What fire? what bluſhes do you tax me with?
I feel not any but what Wonder raiſes,
And bluſh becauſe I cannot comprehend.

Queen. You are unkind, why make it you a ſecret,
And but to me, when all the World reports it.

Dian. There is no ſecret; nothing I would hide
From ſo ador'd a Friendſhip as my Queen's.

Queen. Why d' you ſuſpect me then? [*Aſide*] How loth ſhe is
To tell it me! As loth as I to hear it:

Sure ſhe ſuſpects how fatal 'twill be to me;
And the proud man has triumph'd o're my weakneſs!
And told her all my paſſion with a ſcorn——

'Tis ſo; whiſt poor, regardless, innocent I
Was all the while their Cenſure and their Paſtime,
The Fool, whoſe Story acted made 'em ſport,
And gave new edge to all their fated Joyes;
Nay and perhaps drew Pity from their Pride?
Pity! good Gods! muſt I endure their Pity?
You will not own it then? But 'tis no matter.

[*To Diana.*]

When ſaw you *Piercy*?

Dian. *Piercy*, Madam!

[*She ſtarts.*]

Queen. Yes,

Why did you ſtart! has he a Name ſo horrid?
But now you ſpoke as tho there were not ſuch
A man i'th' World, and wonder'd at my meaning;
But yet have all the Agonies to hear him nam'd:
Him you would hide, but cannot hide your Bluſhes.

Dian. Good Heav'n! by what ſtrange Miracle have you [*aſide.*]
Reveal'd my ſecret Paſſion to the Queen?
I never told my Grievance but to you,
And that but ſilently in broken Sighs
And ſtifled Tears——

Queen. 'Tis plain ſhe is diſturb'd!——
What can this mean? Sure one of us is mad!
Why all this Care to hide a Truth from me,
That is the common talk of all the World?

[*Aſide.*]

There's

There's something in it more than yet I know,
Which I must search into by other means.

Madam, I thought when I had condescended [To Diana]
To open my Breast, and mingle Friendships with you,
You would not then deny so small a Secret ;
And now when I am Queen and may command it——
Therefore begone. Leave me without Reply.
Henceforth I'll know the Persons better, out
Of whom I mean to chuse a Friend——Farewell——

Piercy no doubt is not so fondly nice,
But brags, and tells the World of his proud Conquest.

Dian. Forgive me first ; then give me leave to tell you——
How 'twas disclos'd to you, the Wonder stuns me ;
But *Piercy* knows not yet, nor shall from me,
This secret which I thought scarce Heav'n found out.

Queen. Racks and worse Tortures ! Frenzies of the mind !
Hence ; take her from my sight : she will distract me.

Dian. O hear me first : your Fury's not so dreadful,
As is my pain to tell : yet I'll confess : [Kneels.
A fatal Truth it is, *Piercy* I love——

Now pity me, and quench my torturing Blushes :
For Heav'n reveal'd it to you for no Ill.

Queen. I am amaz'd : still worse and worse, she stabs me,
And they're Abuses all——Ingrateful Woman !
Wouldst have me think thy lawful Passion such a wonder !
Is it a Crime for thee to love thy Husband ?

Dian. Ha ! what is that you say ? my Husband said you !
Meant you to mock th' unfortunate *Diana* ?

Queen. No. I will say't again ; thy perjur'd Husband !

Dian. Ah ! Royal Madam ! *Piercy* is more blest ;
We are not Marry'd, he is not my Husband.

Queen. Ha ! [Aside.

Dian. That were to me too great a Happiness !

Queen. Should this be true, what will become of me ? [Aside.

Diana rise : Are you not Marry'd, said you !

Dian. So far from that, his Person I've not seen
In twelve long Months, this last long tedious year.

Queen. Art not his Wife !

Dian. By all your precious Hopes
And mine, I'm not.

Queen.

Queen. Is *Piercy* then not marry'd!
 Support me Heaven! and with a wonder save me;
 Call all thy Virtue and thy Courage streight
 To help thee now, or thou art lost for ever.
 Am I then cheated! and is *Piercy* faithful!
 If I can bear all this, I challenge *Atlas*
 To live under a Load so vast as mine.
 Ah *Piercy*! injur'd *Piercy*! injur'd *Bullen*!
 But hold, there's yet a greater task behind,
 And that is to Dissemble well.——*Diana*!

Dian. Madam——

Queen. Thou wonder'st at my Curiosity,
 As tho I were concern'd at this false Story.
 I'll tell thee why: It has been long reported,
 That you and *Peircy* were in private Marry'd.

Dian. Such a report came likewise to my hearing;
 But how'twas rais'd, by whom, or why, I know not.

Queen. Too well the dreadful cause of it I know. [Aside.
 This, when I heard, I took unkindly from you:
 I was your Friend, you ought no more to steal
 A Marriage from a Friend, than from a Father.
 And when you aggravated, as I thought,
 By your unkind denial, it enrag'd me;
 For which I hope, *Diana*, you'll forgive me——
 Methinks I do it rarely——

Dian. Best of Queens!

Thus on my Knees, I ought to beg that pardon:
 I only did offend, my Gracious Mistress.

Queen. Rise to my Arms——This Kiss now Seals thee mine
 For ever.

Diana. Oh most admirable Goodness!

Queen. This tenderness betrays me, melts my Soul! [Aside.
 A fatal Engine that draws all my Grievs
 Up to my Eyes and Lips, just ready to unload
 And pour 'em in at once into her Breast,
 Whom I, of all the World, should hide 'em from.
 Oh for some Wild, some Desert to complain in,
 Some vast and uninhabitable place;
 Or else some Precipice that butts the Ocean,
 The wide, and never to be fathom'd Ocean,

That

That I might tell the ecchoing Rocks my Woes,
And count my Sorrows to the Winds and Seas,
More pitiful, and more relenting far,
Than false and cruel Mankind is to me.

Dian. You seem disturb'd! Ah! what inhumane Grief
Dares seize your Royal Breast?

Queen. Come, dear *Diana*;
Go to my Closet with me; there, perhaps,
Some rest may quell this melancholly Monster;
And there it may not be amiss sometimes
To talk of *Peirce*, will it?

Dian. Sacred *Queen*,
'Twill not; and oh! I wish that the Discourse
Would sooth your Soul with as much Joy as mine.

Queen. These are the first of Miseries, the rest
Come rolling on apace, and, *Katherine*, now
Thou art Reveng'd—Just Heav'n, whose is the Sin?
Punish not me, I sought not to be *Queen*;
But *Henry's* Guilt amidst my Pomp is weigh'd,
And makes my Crown sit heavy on my Head,
To banish from his Bed, the chastest Bride,
That twenty years lay loving by his side!
How can I give it, without Tears, a Name,
When I reflect my Case may be the same?
And I, perhaps, as Slaves are by the Priest,
Thus gay and fine for Sacrifice am drest.
“Ah! *Katherine*, do not envy me thy Throne,
“For thou art far more happy that has none.

[*Exeunt.*]

The End of the First Act.

ACT.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Northumberland and Rochford.

Roch. **T**HE News is strange you tell me of the King.
North. Most wonderful, nor can I guess the meaning,
 He came just now from Hunting as his use,
 Where at Sir *Thomas Seymour's* House he was
 Most splendidly and kindly entertain'd
 At a Repast.

Roch. Took he there any thing
 Amiss?

North. No: quite contrary, so good humour'd,
 I never saw him in my life more pleasant:
 But now, instead of going to the Queen,
 With words that shew'd more discontent than rage,
 He order'd all about him to retire,
 And, which is still more strange, enquir'd for *Woolsey*,
Woolsey, whom all men thought quite out of favour;
 Then shut himself within his Bed-Chamber,
 And there remains; nor durst the boldest venture
 To follow him, and ask him what he ails——
 May not the Queen your Sister, think you, be
 The innocent Occasion?

Roch. That's impossible!
 For but last Night he came to her Apartment,
 With all the heat and love that could inspire
 A Bridegroom, scarcely of an Hour's making:
 With haste he ran, and where he should have sate
 He kneel'd down by her as his Deity;
 Printing soft Kisses on her lovely Hand,
 And sigh'd as if he had been still a Woeling.

North. Right *Harry* still: for by this Flood of Passion:
 The nearer he's to Ebb and Change.

Roch. See! the King.

North. You are Brother to his Wife, and may be bold,
 But I'll not venture.

[*Ex. North.*
Enter.

Enter King Harry.

King. Who are you that durst press on my Retirement?
 Ha! *Bullen!* Get thee from my sight—Begone—— [*Ex. Roch.*
 Who waits there? Why am I thus troubled?
 Let none but *Woolsey* dare to be admitted. [*To the Attendants.*
 Who can withstand so vast a shock of Beauties,
 So many Wonders in so bright a Form?
 When Heav'n designs to make a perfect Face, -
 A Beauty for a Monarch to enjoy,
 'Tis feign'd that the most skilful Spirits are all
 Imploy'd, and just before their Eyes is plac'd
 Th' exactest, loveliest Angel for a Pattern;
 If it be true; this only must be she,
 And must be mine——Who's there? the Cardinal?

Enter Woolsey.

Card. The humblest Vassal of his God-like Master.

King. Come hither, Sir——I sent for thee, my *Woolsey!*
 And dost not wonder; when but yesterday
 I took from thee the Seal and Chancellour's Place?
 But 'tis no matter: Do not care, I say:
 I love you still in spite of all your Foes——
 You have malicious Enemies at Court;
 Besides the Queen, my Lord, is no good Friend
 Of yours.

Card. Wretched am I that have incurr'd
 My Kings Displeasure, and my Queens dire Hatred!
 But m' Innocence when I am dead, perhaps
 May to my Royal Master, tho too late
 Appear.

King. Talk not of Death, good Cardinal,
 For I have Business with thee first——By Heav'n!
 He that dares mutter *Woolsey* is a Traitor,
 Shall dye for a worse Traitor as he is:
 Keep thy own still, the Bishopricks of *Tork*
 And *Winchester*, and Cardinal, that is
 Above my Grant; and when I give thee leave,

Go

Go to thy Diocess, and live to spite 'em.

Card. Immortal Wreathes, and Diadems of Saints,
Crown you in Heav'n for this Royal Goodness.
I am grown old, too weak to guard me from
My Foes, but for your Majesties Protection.

King. O *Woolsey*! be to me but half so kind
As I shall be to thee. *Seymour*, my Father!
The lovely *Seymour*, whom thou toldst me of,
I did devour her Beauties from thy Lips,
And fed my Ears with the delicious Feast;
But since I've seen this Wonder of her Sex!
The Charming'st Creature e're adorn'd the World;
And find her all as far above thy Praises,
As Heav'n can be beyond Man's frail description.

Card. Have you then seen her, Sir?

King. O yes, my *Woolsey*!
And having seen her, guess, I needs must be
But wretched without her, or thy assistance.

Card. This goes as I expected.

[*Aside.*

King. Help thy Prince!
Why art so slow? Has *Woolsey* lost his Courage?
That Wit that Emperours and Popes has sway'd——
So, let thy Brain begin to travel now;
Bring forth thou more than King; thou more than Man;
Thou hast a Mine within that subtle Breast,
The Stone which dull Philosophy has toyl'd
In vain for——Make me Master of thy *Indies*——
Lend me thy Wit to purchase *Seymour* for me.

Card. You have the Means already in your hands,
Power is the greatest Charmer of that Sex.

King. Command my Power, my Kingdoms to thy aid,
Join to thy Foxes Tail my Lions Skin;
Take thou my Scepter, bind it to thy Cross,
And to thy Mitre add my humble Crown;
'Tis all my *Woolsey's*. *Woolsey* shall be King.
I ask but only *Seymour* in Exchange.

Card. You bid too much: Send for her streight to Court;
Make her a Marchioness, or else a Dutchess;
There's hardly now a Woman but will sell
A foolish Honour that none sees, for that

Which makes a Noise and splendour in the World.

King. How thou deceiv'st my eager Expectations!

This I have done without such rare Advice:

But oh she is inflexible to all!

Deaf to the sounds of Vanity and Pomp!

And more remorseless than a Saint or Hermite.

Her Chastity cold as the Frozen Stream,

And then as hard, and never to be thaw'd,

As Crystal Rocks, or Adamantine Quarries:

That oh I fear, had I but what I covet,

The Crown from *Bullen's* Head, to offer her,

'Twould scarcely tempt her to thy Prince's Bed.

Card. Then, Sir, I doubt 'tis hardly in my Power
To help you.

King. Ha! false and ungrateful Man!

Is that then all the hope your Brain can give me?

Card. It is impossible, if she be Virtuous,

That e're she shou'd be had by Force or Cunning.

Therefore apply this Remedy a while,

Have but a little Patience 'till 'tis Lawful.

King. Traitor and Poisoner of thy Master's Rest,

Must I despair? Is that thy precious Council?

Did I descend to ask Advice from Hell?

Consult thy Wicked Oracle for this?

To tell me what is Lawful?

Card. Understand me.

King. Give me some hopes, or, by thy damn'd Ambition,

I'll crumble thee to dust; puff thee to nothing:

And make thee less and more dejected far

Than the base Fellow that begot thee, Priest.

Card. Hear me but——

King. Why didst thou infect my Breast,

And with thy venomous Tongue deceive me, worse

Than the old Serpent that in Paradise

Betray'd the first of Mankind with a Bait?

So thou, lurking and hid amidst the Charms

Of *Seymour's* rare and unsuspected Beauties,

Sungst me her Praises in such tempting Words,

That I with raviht Ears swallow'd the sound,

And never saw the Sting I suckt in after.

Card.

Card. You will not give me leave t' explain my self,
Nor yet to give you Remedy.

King. Tell me;
For Remedy I'll have from Heav'n or Hell,
Or I will take thy Blood, thy Scorpions Blood,
And lay it to my Grief till I have ease.

Card. Your Fury will not let you understand me:
When I advis'd to stay till it was Lawful,
At the same time I meant to let you know
'Twas not a thing so hard to bring to pass.

King. Ha! said again like *Woolsey*! tell me streight,
My Soul waits at the Portal of thy Breast,
To ravish from thy Lips the welcome News,
E're they have minted into Words thy Thoughts——
Quick, what can lawfully make *Seymour* mine?

Card. Make her your Queen.

King. Make her my Queen!

Card. Yes, Sir.

King. Sure I but dream; what dost thou mean? or how?

Card. Invest her Head with *Anna Bullen's* Crown.

King. Sure thou art mad, and would make me so too——
What, whilst she lives?

Card. Ay, whilst she lives I said:
Is that so strange a thing that ne're was done?
Divorce her.

King. Ha!

Card. What is't that makes you start?
Divorce her, and take *Seymour* to your Bed.

King. How! take good heed what 'tis thou pull'st upon
Thy self——Divorce my lawful virtuous Wife
Without a Cause!

Card. There is a Cause.

King. What is't?

Card. Pretend Remorse of Conscience.

King. Gods!

Card. Ne're wonder:
Say you are troubled and disturb'd within.
King. Eternal Villain! *Lucifer* the Damn'd.
Traitor, at what?

Card. At that which seiz'd your Mind,

[*Aside.*

When *Katherine* you divorc'd for *Anna Bullen*.
Conscience! Conscience!

King. Horrid tormenting Fiend!
Thou know'st she was my Brother's Wife, and *Bullen*
On no such just pretence I can disclaim.

[*Aside.*]

Card. No matter; on the like distrust of Conscience
That made you do the one, you may the other.
Give out that she's not lawfully your Wife,
The first alive, and that you never had
A Dispensation from his Holiness.

King. His Holiness! I'm blasted with the thoughts:
Pernicious Traitor! How can this be done?

Card. Leave it to me; Consent you, 'tis enough:
And I'll engage, on forfeit of my life,
To get a Licence from our Holy Father
To dissanul this Marriage, and to take
Into your lawful Bed the Beauteous *Seymour*.

King. But then I still remain unfreed from *Katherine*.

Card. The Church shall grant a Dispensation too
For that.

King. What Horrour's this I hear! Can this be true?
In all my wanton and luxurious Youth,
Or in my blackest thoughts of Lust and Rage,
I ne're yet found one Wish amongst them all,
Of such a deep Infernal hue. The Horrour
Has kindled my whole Blood into a Flame,
And made me blush a deeper Scarlet than
This Villain's Robe. Disloyal wicked Monster!
But I will strive to hide my just Resentments.
Divorce my second Wife without a Cause!
Could it be done, what would the Nation say?
What would the Action look like but a Hell;
To warn succeeding Princes from the like,
And blot me from the Scrole of Pious Kings:
Could it be lawful *Woolsey*, I would hearken.

[*Aside.*][*To him.*]

Card. Then lawful it shall be in spite of Scruples:
I see your Conscience is an Infant grown,
A Child again, and wants to be instructed——
Come, let me lead you by the hand, and point
A way for you to walk on even ground;

So

ANNA BULLEN.

2 F

So safe, the nicest Conscience shall commend
And choose it.

King. Now thou dost rejoice thy Prince.

Card. What if she be unfaithful to your Bed,
And prov'd so?

King. Ha! there's Thunder in that word,
The Bolt ran through, and shiver'd me to pieces.
Disloyal to my Bed! Adultrous! Hah!
Saidst thou not so? Yet hold, if this be true,
There hangs a Shower of Cordial in my reach
To cure this horrid Fit. *Woolsey*, beware
How thou dost dally with my hopes and fears;
Look to't, and see you wrong her not; for if
Thou dost, by all the Plagues thy Soul deserves,
All Hell shall be too little for thy Carcass:
New Hells shall be created, and more hot
Than what's prepar'd for Traitors, Parricides,
For Ravishers of Mothers, lustful Nuns,
For *Lucifer* himself t'endure; nay more
Than Villain, Pope, or Cardinal ever felt.
Speak how thou know'st it. *Quick.*

Card. Alas! my Lord,
I never meant it enter'd in my own
Particular Knowledge: but it is Reported.

King. Reported, said'st thou! Is not that enough?
Report! why she is damn'd, if she's but thought.

A Whore, much more reported to be so.

'Tis not the act alone that wrongs thy King;

Each Smile, each Glance, and every wanton Look,

That's meant t'another, if I leave unpunish'd,

Shall brand me with the ignominious Name.

Of *Wittal*, which is worse——make me but sure:

That the least Breath has utter'd such a sound,

Or whisper'd to the air that she's Unchaste,

By all the horrid Fiends that punish Lust,

And by the black Concupiscence of Hell;

I'll tumble her from the Throne into a Dungeon——

Name me the Man that is suspected.

Card. *Piercy.*

King. *Piercy!*

Card!

Card. Yes, Sir: He is the Man she dotes on;
 'Tis he lies deeper in her Breast than ever;
 For him she sighs, and hoards up all her Wishes;
 Gives him her Person warm, inspir'd with Passion,
 Whilst for your self she only treats you with
 The cold dead Body of departed Love.

King. Is *Piercy* then at Court?

Card. He is this Day
 Arriv'd.

King. Hough! Come without my leave say'st thou?

Card. He is, no doubt to consummate their Joyes,
 Their Signs and Tokens to compare, which they
 By Letters and Devices in their absence
 Have hourly plotted to deceive you, Sir;
 And put in practice when the time is ripe.

King. Hell and tormenting Furies——I believe thee.

Card. Nay in your Bed and in her Dreams she thinks on't;
 When Pleasures made you dull, it whetted her——

King. Hold, I can hear no more. By all my Wrongs
 And cheated Hopes, thou bring'st to my Remembrance,
 How all Complaisances to me were dragg'd
 And forc'd from her, like Mirth from one in Torture!
 Sometimes I found her Face all drown'd in Tears,
 With Gales of Sighs just blowing off those Storms,
 In fear away: Sometimes again in Blushes,
 As if then all the wanton Heat of love
 Were darting through her Eyes to meet my Flame;
 But when with eager haste I catch'd her in
 These Arms and prest her Lips, alack I found
 Instead of Summer there no Ice so cold;
 Instead of breath that wou'd revive the dead,
 No Air so chill, nor Winter Blast so keen.

Card. Thus all her actions still will be to you:
 The Roses of her Bloom she keeps for him,
 The Thorns for you——Had you been *Piercy* then!

King. Let me embrace the Saver of his Prince,
 The dear Preserver of my Life and Honour!
 What shall I do for thee, my Friend?

Re-enter

Re-enter Rochford.

Card. Here's Rochford!

Pray smoothe your Brow, and hide your Discontent:
And now y' are going to the Queen smile on her.
Mean while she'll stumble, like a hasty Child,
And act more plain and open to your Justice;
And when you find her tripping, on the sudden
Strike like the Hand of Heav'n, a sure Revenge,
And never let her rise again.

King. I will——

My Lord, you may come near: Where is the Queen? [*To Roch.*

Roch. I left her in the Drawing-Room.

King. Ah Woolsey!

What Angel e're so bright as Woman was,
Had not the first scorn'd her Creator's Laws;
For nearest his own likeness they were made,
'Till they by falseness did their Sex degrade. [*Exeunt K. & Card.*
[*Manet Rochford.*

Roch. What means this sudden alteration!

Enter Piercy.

Is not that *Piercy*? Oh! too true he comes!
Not like a joyful Bridgroom, as was told thee,
Poor cheated Sister! but like one, alas!
That knows already, the base wrongs our Friends
Have heap'd upon him! where shall I avoid him?
Ah! why must I of all the Plot be Curst?
To look upon a Face so full of horror;
That like a Hell, at once upbraids my Guilt,
And lashes me with the Remembrance?

*Pier. Methinks I walk like one that's in a Dream,
A horrid Dream, and fain would be awake!
These Rooms of State look not as they were wont,
When *Anna Bullen* oft has run to meet me;
But seem like Fairy-Land, a Wilderness.
My Friends, like Beasts that never yet saw Man,
Start at my sight; and shun me worse than Fire.*

What

What mean you Heavens! what mean those boding Visions!
 O that some Friend, some Friend indeed would meet me!
 And wake me out of it——Behold; 'tis granted——
 Is not that *Rochford* there? my Dearest Brother!——

Roch. My Lord, my *Piercy*!

Pier. Come thou to my Armes.——

Methinks th' art not concern'd to see thy Friend:
 When I embrace thee, 'tis a pain I find,
 Thy Friendship is as cold as Winter Blasts,
 Or as chill Age is to a tender Virgin!
 What ails my Friend? say quickly.

Roch. Nothing ails me.

Pier. Nothing! why look'st thou then so full of horror?
 Thy down-cast Eyes call to my sad remembrance,
 How passing by yon Gallery of Pictures,
 That happy Gallery that was once the Scene
 Of many a joyful meeting with thy Sister!
 Looking with wonder on those famous Persons,
 Whom the rare Painter had with so much Art
 Describ'd, to make Posterity amends,
 For their bright Forms now moulder'd in their Urns;
 With their Immortal Shapes of Beauty here;
 There as we us'd to walk, none e're so kind,
 With loving Arms and tender Wishes join'd,
 A glad remembrance in their Looks we spy'd,
 Of what their Bodies had on Earth enjoy'd;
 With stedfast Eyes they watch'd us all the while;
 And when we smil'd, they would be sure to smile.
 Or if we chanc'd to weep and sigh our woe,
 They seem'd to pity us, and do so too:
 Such sympathy they drew from all our Fears,
 Our very Griefs, and every Look was theirs.

Roch. The over-flowing of your Love-sick Fancy.

Pier. But mark me now, my *Rochford*; mind the sad
 Catastrophe. They lookt not now like Friends
 Of Comfort, but like boding *Sybil*s rather;
 Their Smiles converted all to darting Frowns;
 Whilst with their seeming Voice and Hands, methought,
 They chid and beckon'd me to shun the place,
 As if they did intend to say aloud,

Ah

Ah *Piercy*! 'tis not now as heretofore,
Piercy begone, for thou shalt happy be no more.

Roch. Ah, my Lord!

Pier. Ha! what say'st thou? 'tis enough,
 There hangs a dreadful Tale upon thy Brow,
 And there's some horrid meaning in that word——
 Let thy dire Looks speak all the rest, I prithee;
 Th' hast pierc'd quite through me like an Ague-Fit,
 Stopt every circling passage of my Blood,
 And made me sweat big drops as cold as Ice——
 Say quick! How fares thy Sister? is she well?
 My Love! my Wife! Did I not call her Wife?
 Speak, Is she living? Is she dead? If so,
 And thou dar'st utter it! plant thy dread Voice
 Just like a Cannon to thy *Piercy's* Breast,
 And shiver me to pieces.

Roch. By these words

I find he knows not of my Sister's Marriage! [Aside.
 Still worse and worse!——Alas! my Lord, she lives! [To *Pier.*

Pier. Lives! oh the joy! But is she ought than well?
 Tell it with speed! why didst thou say, alas?

Roch. Well she is too.

Pier. Then blessed be that Voice;
 But why thou speak'st it with such cold reserve,
 I cannot guess. Oh tell it out with joy!
 Tell it aloud with shouting to the Spheres,
 That they may eccho with glad Harmony:
 Thy Sister lives: my *Bullen* is in health.

Roch. She is in health: but——

Pier. Ha! but what? speak out:
 Why dost thou torture me with dire suspense?
 If there be any thing can now be call'd Misfortune,
 When thy dear Sister is in health, out with it;
 Let it be worse than Thunder I can bear it.

Roch. Alas! kind *Piercy* force not me to tell you,
 Too soon you'll hear the News from one perhaps
 That can relate it, Rocky as he is,
 Without a Sigh or Tear in pity of you.

Pier. You Heav'nly Pow'rs! What does my *Rochford* mean!
 Methinks the joyful Tidings in my Breast,

E

That

That she's in health, does chide me for my Fears;
 But then again a fatal heaviness
 Streight intercepts this dawn of Comfort there,
 And like a Cloud hides all those new-born Beams
 Of Hope, and bids me dread I know not what.
 I am in Hell, in Torments, worse, in Doubt——
 Is there no Balsom that can cure this Sting?
 No *Oedipus* that can unfold this Riddle?
 I prithee, gentle *Rockford*, do not rack me:
 Take off this heavy Weight that sinks thy Brother.
 Come, flatter me, if thou'rt afraid to tell
 The Truth, and say that all these killing words
 Were not in Earnest.

Enter Northumberland.

Roch. See, your Father's here.

Pier. He will take pity, and release me sure.

North. Harry, thou art most welcome to thy Father;
 Welcome to all, and welcome to the King.
 Rejoice, my Son, and deck thy Face with Smiles:
 There's Love and Fortune coming toward thee.

Pier. Pardon me, best of Fathers! spare my Answer: [*Kneels.*
 Oh tell me first what News is from my Love?
 How does my Mistress fare? and what's become
 Of Beauteous *Anna Bullen*? quickly, Sir.

North. Why, what's become of her? She's very well.
 What should become of her? She's Marry'd, Son.

Pier. Marry'd!

North. Marry'd! ay Marry'd, that she is!
 A Queen she's too, a joyful Queen, I tell thee.

Pier. Marry'd! and to the King! by all my hopes,
 By all our chaste, eternal Vows of Love
 It cannot be, although my Father says it;
 You, whom I'll credit sooner than an Angel.
 Marry'd! my *Anna Bullen* false, and Marry'd!
 Perswade me that the Sun has lost its Virtue,
 The Earth, the teeming Earth, forgot to bear,
 That Nature shall be Nature now no more;
 That all the Elements shall vanish streight,

Turn

Turn to Confusion, into Chaos shrink,
And you, and I, and all the living World,
Are what we were before we were begot;
All this must be, when *Anna Bullen's* false.

North. I tell thee, rash and disobedient Boy,
Marry'd she is without such Miracles.

Pier. Ah, dearest Father, on my Knees I beg you,
Repeat that horrid, dismal word no more;
To be obedient, and at once to hear
My Mistress wrong'd, is not in *Piercy's* power.
Here, crush this Insect, pound me into Dust,
I'm at your Foot! oh lay it on my Neck,
And punish me with death, ten thousand deaths;
For whilst I live I must be guilty still,
And near can think that *Anna Bullen's* false:
O Sir, be merciful and just at once,
And say you did it but to try your *Piercy*.

North. Rise, and repent, and do not tempt my Anger,
Which thou should'st feel, but that I pity thee,
And think thy Folly Punishment enough.

Pier. See, Sir, her Brother's more concern'd than I
To hear such words. Come, tell 'em, dearest *Rochford*,
Proclaim her Virtue loud as Cherubins,
Tell 'em, these Rocks, they may in time relent,
And hear the sad Complaints of injur'd Honour:
Is she not Chast! Chast as the Virgin light,
And constant as the Turtle to its Mate,
Her Person sacred still to all Mankind,
And Beauties less corrupted, less defil'd,
Than is the lovely Blew that fragrant hangs
On *Autumn* Fruit, or Morning Dew on Roses.

North. Tell him, my Lord.

Pier. Oh hear the Charming sound;
Tell 'em, and undeceive 'em, Friend; tell 'em
How thou wert by, when first we plighted Troths,
And swore Eternal Faith, Eternal Love,
By every Saint, and every Star that shone,
Who then look'd down as joyful Witnesses,
And darted forth in all their bright Array,
To see our Loves that shin'd more bright than they.

Gent. My Lord, the King and Queen are passing by.

North. Look you, Romantick Sir, behold your Mistress,
Whose Bride she is.

*[King and Queen, Lords and Ladies pass over the Stage,
Northumberland follows the King.]*

Pier. By the Immortal Powers that gave me life,
And Eyes and Senses to believe, 'tis she——
It is the King, and *Anna Bullen* Crown'd!
Why Father, *Rochford*, Friends, is it not so?
And did she not like haughty *Juno* walk?
Who, as she held the Thunderer by the hand,
Lookt down with scorn on the low World, from whence
She came; so did she cast a loathing Eye
Upon the place where humble *Piercy* stands——
Now you are mute, dumb as those Conjurations
You hir'd just now from Hell to be my Ruine;
Ha! is't not so? Confess that it is so,
And I am blest; own it, and make poor *Piercy* happy.

Roch. Alas! my Lord; afflict your mind no more,
'Tis torment to your Friend to see you thus.

Pier. Friend, say'st thou? I disclaim that Name in all,
In Father, Brother, Sister, and Companion;
Nature her self abhors it, like the Plague,
And banishes that Guest from all her Creatures——
False Brother to the falsest Woman living!
Was it for this that I was sent from Court?
Was it for this the subtlest of her Sex
Sent me a Letter with ten thousand Charms,
To let me know that I should write, and should
Be written to no more till my return?
T'avoid suspicion, as she said; but 'twas
To flatter me that I should not mistrust her.

Roch. By Heav'n, and all that's true, she's not to blame.

Pier. Here, *Rochford*, rip, and tear her from my heart,
Fast rooted as she is: The Poison swells,
O lance it with thy Sword, and give me ease:
She's Hell! she's worse! she's Madness to the Brain;
I am possess'd, and carry an Host of Devils:
For he that wears a perjur'd Woman here,
Has in his Breast ten thousand Fiends to scourge him.

Re-enter

Re-enter Northumberland.

North. Come, my best Son, the King Salutes thee, *Piercy*;
Come, see the Bride he has prepar'd for thee,
And think no more of *Anna Bullen* now.

Pier. Ha! bring me to her streight! Is she a Woman?
A bright dissembling and protesting Woman?
Smooth as the smiling pittleless Ocean is by fits;
But then her Heart as Rocky, deep, and fathomless:
Has she a Face as tempting as the fair
Deceitful Fruit of *Sodom*, but when tasted,
Is rottenness and horreur to the Core?
Is she so kind, that nothing can be kinder?
Nay were she *Anna Bullen* all without,
And *Bullen* all within, I'd marry her
To be reveng'd!

North. Thou dost rejoice thy Father:
She is as good and beautiful as Angels,
And has ten thousand Pounds a year; which added
To thy Estate, will make you far more happy
Than *Harry* with his Crown, or *Anna Bullen*.

Pier. Come, bring me to her: when shall we be marry'd?

North. When my Son pleases: If thou wilt, to Morrow.

Pier. To Morrow! Now: To Morrow is too late:
What must I waste a Day, and lose a Smile!
The King with *Bullen* revels all this while.
Haste, thou slow Sun! when wilt thou bring the Morn?
And when! oh when shall the long Day be worn!
That these triumphant Arms may seize my Bride,
And clasp her gently like a wanton Tide.
In Floods of Extasies I'll drown; and say,
Thus *Harry* and his Queen live all the day;
Thus he embraces her all o're, and o're;
Whilst for each Kiss I'll reap a thousand more:
And for each Pleasure they shall act that Night
I'll pattern then, and double with delight:
But for that rarest Bliss we blush to own,
Spite and Revenge much more my Joys shall Crown. [Exit

The End of the Second Act.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter *Cardinal* and *Blunt* severally.

Card. HAIL to the Sacred Queen of Wit and Beauty;
Hail to the Empress of the World that should be.

Blunt. What News? What Song of Comfort brings my *Woolsey*?
Methinks your Looks shine like the Sun of Joy,
And Smiles, more glittering than your Robe, appear:
Come, for I long to be partaker of it——
Say, is it Great? Shall *Bullen* sink to Hell?
Shall this proud Exhalation vanish streight?
Or, shall she still be Queen r'affront my *Woolsey*?

Card. No: I'd first pawn both Body and Soul to Hell,
For but a Dram of Poyson that would kill
The Heretick.

Blunt. Oh famous *Cardinal*!
Rome's Sacred Champion, and the Saints of *Rome*!
What can reward thee but the Mytre here,
And when th'art dead, a mighty Throne, as high
As was great *Lucifer's* before his fall?

Card. Have I not liv'd more splendid than the King?
More aw'd and famous than was *Harry* still?
Have I not scatter'd with a Liberal Hand,
And sow'd more Seed to Charity, than all
The Kingdom else? Built such vast Palaces,
As neither *Italy* nor *Rome* can pattern?
Which *England's* Monarchs have been proud to dwell in.

Blunt. And but for thee, the Nation had been scorn'd.

Card. Who fram'd such sumptuous Embassies, as I,
With such a Glorious Train of Servants deck'd,
As *Germany* and *France* both wonder'd at,
And thought that all the Nation follow'd me;
Whilst *Tudor* here, as a less King than I,
Was serv'd, but with the gleanings of my Pomp?

Blunt. 'Twas *Woolsey*, our Great Master's greater Servant,
who, as he rode to meet the Emperour,

Ere

Ere he approach'd, first chec'd his pamper'd Steed,
And stood at distance to receive that Monarch;
Whilst *Maximilian*, as became him best,
First did unlight, and first embrac'd my *Woolsey*.

Card. And have not I rul'd *Harry* and the Nation
Shall then this strong Foundation of my Greatness
Be undermin'd by such a Wretch as *Bullen*!
By the weak practice of a spleenful Woman!
A thing, that I have made; a Poppet-Queen,
Drest up by me, to Act her Scene of Greatness,
And all her Motions guided by this Hand!

Blunt. Shall she then Mount the Fame to ruine *Woolsey*?

Card. No; by my Self, that moment she attempts it,
She pulls a dreadful Tower upon her Head;
When I begin to totter, if I must,
Like a huge Oak, that's leaning o're a Wall,
I'll take my Aim, and crush her with my fall —
Piercy's arriv'd, there's Aid for your Revenge.

Blunt. I heard so, and perceiv'd it by the Queen.

Card. By that she has discover'd the deceit,
And finds him Innocent, now 'tis too late;
This makes her careless, to her own undoing;
For when the Amorous King comes, loaded with
Big hopes, and thinks to take his fill of Joys,
Streight, like the sensitive, nice Plant that shrinks,
And on a sudden gathers up its Leaves,
When 'tis but touch'd, she will contract her Charms,
And shut 'em from him in her fullen Bosom,
As cold as Winter to his warm Embraces:
This, when the vext and passionate King perceives,
He'll hate, and cast her from him in a Rage.

Blunt. See! yonders *Rockford* coming towards us,
Big with glad Looks, I hope, to be deliver'd
Of something that will forward our Design.

Card. I will retire, and leave him to your Care,
To mannage him with all the Art of Woman;
And Hell, if Heaven wont, inspire your Wit
And Malice.

Ex. Card.

Enter.

Enter Rochford.

Roch. Brightest of thy dazling Sex,
That wears the Charms of all the World about thee;
How have I been this long, long hour in pain,
In Torments and in Darkneſs all the while!
Sun of my Joy, to waſte the tedious Day,
And Star to gaze the live-long-night away.

Blunt. O, you are grown a Courtier now indeed,
My Lord; but 'tis no wonder now, you are
Exalted, and are Brother to the Queen:
'Tis hard for one to gain a look from you,
Without the purchaſe of——I will not tell you——

Roch. Ha! Brother to the Queen! to *Jupiter*:
And if my raviſh'd Senſe deceives me not,
I will not change my State to ſhine in Heaven!
To be the darling Brother of the Sun,
Or one of *Leda's* Twins that deck the Sky:
No, *Caſtor* I deſie thee.

Blunt. Hold, my Lord;
I will not chide you, though you have deſerv'd it:
For all thoſe Raptures are but ſtarts in Love,
And ſeldom hold out to the Races end;
Or elſe like Straw that gives a ſudden blaze,
And ſoon is out.

Roch. Oh ſay not ſo, my Goddeſs!
The *Negro*, neareſt Neighbour to the Sun,
That lives under the torrid burning Line,
Feels not the warmth that does poſſeſs my Breſt.
And, oh forgive the vaſt Compariſon,
Hell's flame is not ſo vehement or laſting.

Blunt. Enough, my Lord: I'll put you to your Trial:
Prepare, and ſee how well you can obey;
But that you may not ſtrive without all hope,
Like Slaves condemn'd for ever to the Gallies;
Here is my Hand, an Earneſt of my Promiſe,
That as I find you Faithful, I'll Reward you.

Roch. Your Hand! where am I! tell me, God of Love!

Blunt. But mark me: Hear, as from a Prophet, this:

Be sure you merit well this first of Favours,
And keep the Oath you vow upon this Hand,
Else I'll denounce a worse than Hell shall follow
Your Sacrilegious Crime.

Roch. Lo, here I swear——

But tell me, Heav'n! what signifies an Oath!
When 'tis impossible I should be false?

I swear upon this Altar, breathing Incense!

Eternal Love! Eternal Constancy——

Divinest, softest——Sweetest——

[*Kisses her Hand.*]

Blunt. Go my Lord.

And now you have it, brag to my undoing;
For never any but your King can boast
The like.

Roch. And he, th' unworthiest of Mankind,
Who having such a Jewel in his Breast,
The Crown not half so Sacred, were it mine,
To sell it for a false and glittering Trifle:
So silly *Indians* barter Gold and Pearls
For Baubles.

Blunt. What your Sister, treach'rous Man!

You do not mean it; nor can I endure
To hear her so degraded; if 'twere real:
Sh' has Goodness, and has Beauties more than I,
And merits what she does possess, a Crown:
And much the more, because she fought not for it;
Which is the cause, I fear, that she's unhappy——
You visit her, not only as a Brother,
But as a Friend, and Partner of her Councils;
You love like Twins, like Lovers, or indeed
As a fond Brother, and kind Sister should.

How bears she this unwelcome State? or rather,
How does she brook the Wrong that's done to *Piercy*?

Roch. All her Reflections on it freight will vanish;
A King and Crown are Charms invincible;
No Storms, nor Discontents can long abide,
Where Love and Empire plead: but soon will flye,
Scatter'd like Mists before the Sun of Power.

Blunt. You speak indifferently, my Lord, and like

Mistrust of her you Love: I long to hear
 The more what you would fain disguise from me——
 Have you so soon forgot the Oath you took?
 Or is't so lately, that you think 'tis scarce
 Reach'd down to Hell, to claim you Perjur'd there?
 Or think you that I e're can hate the Sister,
 When with a blush I own, I love the Brother?
 False and ungrateful Man! farewell.

Roch. O stay!

Rip open my Bosom to my naked Heart,
 And read what-e're you think is written there.
 Had I no Tongue to speak, I'd suffer that,
 Rather than once deny you any thing.

Blunt. He softens, turns, and changes, as I'd have him; [*Aside.*
 His Waxen Soul begins to melt apace:
 He is my Slave, my Chain'd and Gally Slave:
 Oh that I had but *Harry* so to torture!
 But I'll Revenge my self on this soft Fool,
 On *Bullen*, and on all their Race at once
 That were the Cursed cause of my undoing.
 You find my Passion and good Nature quickly, [*To Roch.*
 That makes you use me thus.

Roch. Ten thousand Pardons——

Blunt. No more; I can forgive, if you deserve it;
 I charge you, as a Sign of your Repentance,
 Go visit streight the Queen, and *Piercy* too;
 You hear he's come to Court; and what you learn
 From them, that ought concerns their former Loves,
 From time to time, acquaint me with the Story,
 And you shall lock the secret in my Breast,
 As safe, as in your own.

Roch. 'Twere Blasphemy
 But to suspect it.

Blunt. I require this of you;
 Not that I doubt the Virtue of the Queen,
 But know, that, worse than Hell, I hate the King,
 (To which just hatred 'tis you owe my Love)
 And wish your Sister, and all Humane kind,
 Would hate him too.

Roch. I'll instantly obey you.

Blunt.

Blunt. Come back, my Lord; this readiness has charm'd me:
And now I can't but give you some kind hopes——
You may have leave to visit me hereafter.

And talk of Love, perhaps I'll take it kindly!

Roch. Blest Harmony! Happiest of Mankind, I.

Blunt. And you may write to me, and best by Proxy:
For tho the King not visits me, as he was wont,
Yet he is Jealous——

Let all your Amorous Letters be disguis'd,
Under the borrow'd Name of Brother still,
Directed to me by the stile of Sister.

Roch. In all things I'll obey my lovely Goddess!

Blunt. These Papers once shall be of Consequence. [Aside.
See, the Queen comes, her Soul in discontent, [To Roch.
And longs to be disburthen'd. I will leave you——
A fit occasion's offer'd, now she's on
The Rack, to ease her by a fond Confession. [Ex. Blunt.

Enter Queen and Ladies.

Queen. Where am I now?——My Brother! Is it you?
I hear that *Piercy's* come to Court.

Roch. He is.

Queen. Where shall I hide my guilty Face from him?
And shut me where he ne're may see me more?
For now I start at every humane Shape,
And think I meet wrong'd *Piercy* in my way,
Like one escap'd for Murther, in his Flight
Shuns every Beast, and Trembles at the Wind,
And thinks each Bush a Man to apprehend him.——

Enter Diana.

I sent thee to the Queen, *Diana*, say,
How fares she in her hopeless, lost Estate?
What Answer bring'st thou, that is Death to hear?
Come talk of Misery, and fill my Breast
With Woe: I'll lay my Ears to the sad sound,
And thence Extract it as the Bees do Honey,
Grief is the Food that the afflicted live by——

Talk any thing; there's nought so dreadful as
The thoughts of injur'd *Piercy*, in my Breast.

Dian. The Princess *Dowager* is dead.

Queen. What Princess?

Art thou a temporizing false one too?
And hast so soon forgot she was thy Queen?

Dian. Queen *Katherine's* dead.

Queen. Alas! then is she dead!

Then she has got the start of *Anna Bullen*——
Came you too late to pay my Duty to her?

Dian. No: for sh^e enjoyed her Senses to the last,
And then not seem'd to dye, but fall asleep.

Queen. So bold is Innocence, it conquers Death,
And after makes amends for all the wrongs
Sustain'd in Life.

Dian. When I began to tell her,
I came by your command, to make a tender
Of your most humble Duty, and Condole
Her Majesties Misfortune and Distemper;
She check'd me at that word, and as you have seen
A clear Sky, with a travelling Cloud o'retook,
And quickly gone, so she put on a Frown,
Which did not last, and answer'd with a Smile:
Why did you say, your Majesty to me,
She said, a Name I loath? Go, tell your Queen,
Let her not fix on Greatness to be happy,
But take a sad Example here by me:
I, who was Daughter, Niece, and Sister too,
To three great Emperours, and Wife, alas!
To the most potent Prince in *Christendom*,
Must Dye more wretched than the meanest Creature,
In a strange Country, 'midst my Enemies,
Not one of all my great Relations here
To pity me, nor Friend to bury me:
And then she wept, and turn'd her gentle Face
The other way, and quickly after Dy'd.

Queen. Go on; Why dost thou cease this Melody?
Thy Voice exceeds the mourning *Philomels*;
The dying Swan takes not that pleasure in
Her note, as I in such Celestial Musick:

Hast thou no more of it ?
 Come play the Artist : 'Shew thou to my Fancy,
 Th' Infernal Paths that lead to Infinite Horror ;
 Op'n all the Charnel Houses of the Dead,
 And fright away, if it be possible,
 The sad Remains of injur'd *Piercy* here.

Enter King.

[Exeunt Diana and Rochford.]

King. Yonder she is, in Tears amidst her Glories!
 You lavish Stars, what will content this Scorners ?
 From a mean Spring I took this shining Pebble,
 And plac'd her in my Heart, and in my Crown,
 The fairest and the best lov'd Jewel there :
 And fate her on my Throne to be ador'd :
 Yet she contemns all this, and would do more,
 The Heavens are all too narrow for her Soul !
 Gods, you must flatter and descend to her,
 Or she'll not stir one jot to you——She is
 So very proud.

Queen. My Lord.

King. Sit down again,
 I but disturb you ; therefore I'll return ;
 For sure they must be tender thoughts, for which
 You pay such lavish Tribute from your Eyes.

Queen. Sir, I was thinking of th' uncertain State
 Of Greatness, and amongst its sad Misfortunes,
 What would become of me, alas ! if you
 (Which I've no reason to suspect)
 Should change your Love ; and that produc'd these Tears.

King. Y'are in the right, if that should ever happen ;——
 But what begets such Doubts within your Breast ?
 You have done nothing to deserve such fears :
 You love me, and as long as that shall last,
 Mistrust not *Harry*.

Queen. By my hopes I do.

King. Blest sound. I will hear nothing but my *Bullen* :
Woolsey and Devil tempt me now no more ! *[Aside.]*
 Then shake these Clouds of sorrow from thy Eyes,
 And dart thy brighter Beams, like *April* Sun-shine,

Into

Into my Bosom, and thus lock me ever——
 Oh, now I nought remember but thy Charms,
 And quite forget what-e're I was before.
 One word of Bliss, one word of Softness from thee,
 To banish hence Suspicions, like the Plague,
 And clear our Breasts from jealousies for ever——
 What, not a syllable do I deserve?
 These Kisses, faint Embraces, and these Odours,
 Are ravish'd, not bestow'd upon me——ha!

Queen. What means my Lord?

King. What means the Traiterous Bullen?
 By Heav'n she wants the cunning Trick and Skill;
 The easie quick Delusion of her Sex,
 To hide her falseness——By all Hell she's damn'd.

Queen. O Gracious Sir.

King. Too gracious not to kill thee——
 For whom, for whom are your kind Looks reserv'd?
 Hide you your Minion; for his safeguard, do.
 For were he 'mongst his happy Stars, I'd reach him.
 I'm frightful as a Ghost, or a Disease:
 For when I think to hold her in these Arms,
 She struggles like the Quarry in the Toil:
 And yields her self unto my loath'd Embraces,
 With such a forc'd and awker'd willingness,
 As men, when they are past all hopes of life,
 Resign themselves into the power of Death.

Queen. What Fiend has put such Thoughts into your Breast?
 When did I wrong you? How have I been false?
 Yet I will not complain against my Lord.
 Since 'tis your Will——Sir, have I not obey'd you?
 No Slave so humbly faithful to your Pleasures,
 And in your Bed, with blushing, paid those Duties
 That modest Virgin, or chaste Wife could do:
 And if I was not wanton, pray forgive me.

King. Yes, yes, I have your outside; but Hell knows,
 And thy false self, who 'tis enjoys thy Soul!
 You yield to me indeed, 'tis true: but most
 Unwillingly you part with your dear Sweet's,
 Unless it be to him that has your Hoard,
 But guard your fatal Honey with a Sting

'Gainst those you hate——Your Person you resign,
 But as to Prison; my Arms are but the Grates
 Through which your Mind is longing still to be abroad :
 Nay in the very Moment of Enjoyment :
 And who would think but then I should be happy ?
 There's still another's Picture in your Heart,
 On which you look, and fancies I am He,
 And all the while I'm sporting for another.

Queen. Can Heav'n hear this ! O cruel, faithless Lord.

King. No: to thy Syren's Voice I'll stop my Ears;
 A thousand times, like them, th' hast cheated me,
 Laid my just Passion to a gentle Calm,
 Whilst Storms behind were ready to devour me.
 On thy false dangerous Charms I'll wrack no more,
 But seek for shelter on some kinder Shore;
 A grateful Beauty here shall reign alone,
 And chace thee from my Heart, and from thy Throne.
 Ha ! who comes there ? My gentle *Woolsey* come,
 And with thy Counsel straight defend my Breast.

[The King meets Woolsey, and goes out leaning on him.]

Queen. Did not my Lord fly from me in a rage,
 Arm'd with a Frown, and darted it quite through me ?
 And *Woolsey* in his Favourites place again ?
 Nay, then the Wonder is expir'd; that proud,
 That great bad man, and *Lucifer*, ne're meant
 Me nor my Virtue well——The King's Inconstancy
 Begins to shew its *Janus* Face again :
 And all the Doubts of an Unhappy Wretch,
 My Fears by Day, and horrid Dreams by Night,
 Are come to pass.

Enter Piercy.

Pier. What shall I fear to see her !
 And tell her Face to Face the Perjuries
 And Falseness that sh' has heap'd upon her Soul,
 And ruin'd mine ? —— Lo, where the False one is !
 In counterfeited Grief ? By Heav'n in Tears !
 As if her sins already did upbraid her !

Just

Just Pow'rs ! can you behold a Form so fair,
 And suffer Falseness to inhabit there ?
 The Morning Sun risen from its Watry Bed,
 Less precious drops does on *Arabia* shed :
 And sacred Viols of rich *April*-Showers ;
 When he alternate Rain and Sun-shine pours ;
 Nor is he half so Beautiful and Gay,
 As she a wiping of those Tears away.

Queen. Ha, *Piercy* ! I'm betray'd. Advise me Heav'n !
 What shall I do !——Begone, this place is Hell ;
 Vipers and Adders lurking under Smiles,
 And flatt'ring Cloths of State : Oh ! do not tread here ;
 Under this Mask of Gallantry and Beauty,
 Is a rude Wild ; nay, worse, a dangerous Ocean,
 Into whose Jaws, Love, like a Calenture,
 Will tempt us, where we both must Sink and Perish.

Pier. What, can so mean a Creature fright a *Queen* !
 Behold a wretched Thing of your undoing.

Queen. See where he stands, the Mark of pity, Heav'n !
 Shut, shut thy Eyes, and fly with speed away ;
 Or view the Rocks and Quick-sands, if thou stay,
 Lest this rough *Hellisport* I venture on,
 And like *Leander* tempt my Fate, and drown.—— [*Ex. Queen.*]

Pier. Ha ! she's surpriz'd ! shuns me ! and flies from me !
 And more affrighted is at *Piercy's* wrongs,
 Than Guilty Ghosts, that having scap'd to Earth,
 Hear the Cock Crow to summon 'em away,
 And start and tremble at the sight of Day.
 But yet she look'd not like a Foe upon me ;
 And as she parted, told me with her Eyes,
 That there was something in those speaking Tears,
 Which might Excuse her, and Condemn her *Piercy*.

Enter Northumberland.

North. Son, I am come to tell you joyful News,
 The King has Charm'd the fair *Diana* for thee,
 And is resolv'd to Marry her to morrow,
 And Celebrate the Nuptials with a Pomp.

Pier. The King ! the King is Marry'd, Sir.

North.

North. He is.

But thou art not : H' intends to give her to thee
Himself : Why dost thou start ? 'Twas but this day
You Swore and Vow'd, with all the Signs of Joy,
And Duty to your Father, you'd obey me.

Pier. Alas ! I did : But cannot Heav'n, nor you
Forgive a rash, unhappy Man his Vow ?

North. No : by the Blood that Honours *Piercy's* Veins,
I swear, I will not——

For Marry'd thou shalt be, and that to her,
Or live a Vagabond, banish'd from Wealth,
From Friends, and Pity ; whilst I will advance
Thy Younger Brother to thy lost Estate,
And see thee starve ; nay, more, and loaded with
The Curses of thy Father——

Pier. Hold, Sir !——

I'll strive t' obey you ; not because I fear
What Misery, or Death can do to me ;
Nor to avoid the hungry Lyon's Den,
Or Dragons Teeth, just ready to devour me ;
For know, I plunge into a State more dreadful :
But that I may not be th' unhappy Cause
Of dragging wrongful Curses from a Father,
Which rather turn upon his Head that aims,
Than hurt the Bosom of the Innocent.

Enter Diana.

North. See ! she is coming, brighter than a Goddess——
I'll leave you, and commit you to her Cure. [*Ex. North.*

Dian. Yonder's the dear-lov'd Man, whom all must love,
That loves another too. What shall I say ? [*Aside.*
Spite of my Stars, I dote upon a Person,
Who has no Heart, no Eyes that are his own ;
Nor yet one look that ever can be mine.

Pier. Madam ! d'you hear the news ? My Father tells me,
We're to be Marry'd.

Dian. So the King will have it.

Pier. The King ! What would the Tyrant be a God ?

To take upon him to dispose of Hearts!
 And joyn unequal Souls with one another!
 O Beautiful *Diana*! Y'are all Goodness,
 A store of Virtues in as bright a Person,
 As Heav'n e're treasur'd in a Form Divine:
 If so, what can your Eyes behold in me?
 What see in such a wretched thing as I,
 To Marry me?

Dian. How Charming is his Person!
 And much more Charming is his Grief! And oh —————
 How can she e're receive a Wound more deadly, [Aside.
 Than I, tormented with the double Dart
 Of Love and Pity—Some kind Deity
 Assist me now, lest I should shew I love him,
 And teach my Tongue how to bely my Heart.

Pier. You seem to study for so plain an Answer.
 Come tell me streight my faults, and what you think;
 For here I stand, the Mark of Truth to aim at.
 What is there, in this miserable Shape,
 To look on without Scorn?

Dian. Now kind, Heav'n;
 Lend me the Cunning now of all my Sex!
 I like you just as well as you like me;
 Our Persons might, for all you said of mine,
 Be mended both, and both receive Additions:
 And for your Nature, I'll be plain, and tell you,
 I could have wish'd a Man of better humour;
 But 'tis no matter, since w're both so bad,
 We are the fitter then for one another.
 Just Gods! what miserable Things we are! [Aside.
 Oh! when shall we attain that blest abode,
 Where we may never fear to speak aloud,
 What's Just, and is no Sin? [To Piercy.

Pier. What, do you hate me?
 Then y'are happier one Degree than I;
 For should you love me, you are truly wretched.

Dian. Indeed he little thinks I am that Wretch. [Aside.
 Tell me wherefore? [To Piercy.

Pier. Because the Cruel God
 Has rob'd me of my whole Estate of Love,

And

And left me naked, desolate, and poor;
 Not worth one Sigh, nor Wish, if that could pay
 The Debt I owe: Nay, should you come a begging,
 Cold, and half starv'd, for Succour to my door,
 You would not find, in all this rifled Cottage,
 One Spark, one Charitable Spark, to warm you.

Dian. Hear, Heav'n! hear, Cruel One! who-e're thou art
 He loves, tho I am slighted, scorn'd, nay hated, [Aside.
 Would thou hadst my Kind Eyes, my Breast, my Soul,
 Would all my Vital Blood were Balm to Cure him.
 Yet will our Cruel Parents have us Marry'd: [To Piercy.
 Then, since we must, how know we but our Bodies,
 And yet more Careless and Despairing Souls,
 In time may grow to such Indifference,
 As quite forgetting of what Sex we are,
 We may like faithful and condoling Friends,
 If not like Lovers, live together.

Pier. Ay;
 And when y're sad, I'll Kiss you like a Brother;
 And if you sigh, or chance to shed a Tear,
 I will weep too, and ask you why you grieve;
 And you shall do the like to me, and straight
 Embrace me like a Sister, still remembering
 The Subject of our just Complaints shall be,
 You that y're Marry'd——

Dian. You for Marrying me.

Pier. O rarely thought! 'twill be the only Means
 To make us happy both against our Wills;
 We'll moan, we'll sigh, we'll weep; we'll all but love——
 Instead of loving, pity one another.

Dian. And who can tell but Pity may at last,
 By gentle, soft Degrees, grow up to Love.

Pier. Come, let's away then, since they'll have it so;
 Meet these glad Rites to all Mankind but us,
 Where the malicious Charm shall join our Curses,
 And not our Persons, but our Woes together:
 Then turn us loose, like two Condemn'd, lone Wretches;
 Banisht from Earth, no Creature but our selves,
 In an old Bark on wide and Desert Seas,
 In Storms by Night and Day, unseen by all,

Unpity'd toſt, not one dear Morſel with us
To eaſe our Hunger, nor one drop of Drink
To quench our raging Thirſt, and which is worſe,
Without one jot of Rigging, Sail, or Steer to guide us.

Dian. Forgive me, Heav'n! Forgive me all my Sex, [*Aſide.*
That ever lov'd, or e're was ſcorn'd like me!

Tho 'tis my Fate for ever to be hated,
Tho we are doom'd to dwell, like wandring Wretches,
In worſe than what his worſt of Sorrow paints;
Yet I muſt love him, and reſolve to Marry him;
And now I challenge all the wondring World,
And more admiring Angels, if they can,
To find who moſt is to be pity'd, He
Or I—Quick, let us launch then with a Courage, [*To Piercy.*
Since 'tis our King and Cruel Parents Wills.

Pier. And give a rare Example to the Marry'd,
Of Conſtancy: For that which ſevers them,
Poſſeſſion of their pall'd and loath'd Enjoyments,
Our faithful Woes ſhall join our Lives the faſter.

Dian. And having each of us ſo mean a Stock
Of love, I in your Breſt, and you in mine;
We need not fear that Thieves ſhould come to rob us.

Pier. Nor Jealouſie to part us.

Dian. Well then, *Piercy*:

When our expected Sentence is perform'd,
Where ſhall we take our welcome Banishment?

Pier. To the World's End! Far from all fruitful Grounds,
From Corn, and VVine, or any wanton Spring;
In ſome dead Soil, ſo barren and ſo curſt,
Where neither loathſom Weeds, nor Thistles grow.

Dian. Or ſome deep Cave, where Winds are all ſo ſtill,
And Beaſts ſo far remote, that we ſhall hear
No Howls, nor Groans, but what we make our ſelves.

Pierc. No: on ſome dreadful Rock we'll chuſe to lye,
Whoſe diſmal Top ſeems faſten'd to the Skye;
Thence we can look on all the World below,
So full of Vanity, ſo full of Woe!
And ſometimes on the Wrack-devouring Seas,
The Emblem of our preſent Miſeries:

Sigh

Sigh for the Creatures, think the Storms we see
Our Cruel Parents, and the Wretches We.

Dian. Or waste our Days in wandring to and fro,
And make our Lives one Harmony of Woe.

Pier. 'Till Heav'n shall rain down pity on us——

Dia. No.

We'll not be pity'd. Pity's half a Cure ;
That will bring Comfort, which we'll ne're endure.

Pier. O my *Virago* Partner.

Dian. Nay, I dare you.

Pier. Then here we'll take an Oath, and with this Kiss
Let's strike a League with Woe, adieu to Bliss !
And now I challenge the All-seeing Sun,
From his proud Prospect, his high Seat at Noon ;
'Mongst all the Wonders of the World, to spy
A Couple half so kind as thee and I ;
Or all the Matches that e're Love decreed,
If ever Man and Wife so well agree'd.
Love oft-times flies from Misery and Pain ;
But we resolve the closer to remain.
What though we Wed in Hatred, we may mend ;
We but begin where others surely end ;
And each of you that Marry first for love,
VVe are but sooner, what at last you'll prove.

[*Ex. Ambo.*]

The End of the Third Act.

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Blunt with Letters, Rochford.

Blunt. MY Lord, you act the cunning Lover well,
Paint a rare Passion under all Disguises;
Yet oh! I wish this Art had not been learnt,
But Nature in you, and true Love the Teacher;
Yet I will prize and hoard your Letters safe,
As I would fragrant Flowers within my Bosom.

Roch. O my prodigious and exalted Soul,
And my more precious Stars! I bless you all.
Is there a Man 'mongst all your Favourites,
So rich, so happy, and so lov'd as I!
Methinks, for my dear *Anna Bullen's* sake,
If possible, I love you better now,
Since I dare call you by the Name of Sister!

Blunt. And I much more now I can call you Brother.

Roch. O my too weighty Joys! Immortal State!
And more Immortal Love!

Blunt. No more: I'll chide you.
This is too great, too violent to last——
Hold! give your Passion Breath, leave some for next,
And love not all your VVishes out at once——
Where is the Queen?

Roch. I left her discontent.

Blunt. Why, where is *Piercy*? Has she seen him yet?

Roch. Seen him she has: but would not speak to him.

Blunt. Not speak to him! Oh Cruel, most Inhumane!
Had she but seen him in that state as I did,
She would have spoke to him, and dy'd for him.

Roch. Alas! Her Cruelty drew Pity from
Her Eyes and Mine.

Blunt. Would she not speak t' him then!

Roch. No; not a word: but quite o're-came her Pity,
And went away resolv'd ne're more to see him.

Blunt. The Reason.

Roch.

Roch. She'd not tell——But I most doubt
Her scrupulous Virtue is the Cause,

Blunt. Impossible!
Virtue can never lodge with Cruelty.
What stain were it to th' whitest Innocence?
What Crime in the severest Virtue once,
In her Condition, but to hear him speak?
Come! she must see him——

Roch. Would my Life, and Fortune,
Nay, all my Rights of Love, and Hopes in thee,
Could purchase her Consent to seem him once,
Pardon the Sallies of most mighty Friendship,
So well I wish him, I would hazard all.

Blunt. Go tell, as from your self, the sad condition
Her horrid Cruelty has brought him to.
Within this hour he enter'd my Apartment,
Not like the Great, the Brave, and Charming *Piercy*,
Whose Person none cou'd see without adoring:
But like a dreadful Ghost, or horrid Shadow,
Far worse than what dead, melancholly Midnight,
To frighted Man, e're painted in a Dream;
The Evil Genius of his Family
Ne're look'd so mad, nor threaten'd half the Woe,
As he did to himself.

Roch. Unhappy *Piercy*.

Blunt. At first his sight was pointed to the Earth,
Then with a Groan, charg'd with a Volley of Sighs,
He lifted up his fatal Eyes on me, which I
Could scarce behold with mine, they were so full
Of pitying Tears——

Then ran into such bitter, sad Complaints
Against our Sexes loath'd Inconstancy,
That I was forc'd to chide him——

Roch. Oh, no more!
It wakes my drowsie Conscience from its rest,
And stabs it with a Guilt.

Blunt. But then at last
From Railings into Blessings streight he fell,
And on his Knees beseech'd me that I'd plead,
And beg the Queen, but once to see her *Piercy*;

Which:

Which I, rack'd with Compassion, promis'd him:
 Alas! I fear more than I can perform:
 This said, I rise, and *Piercy* follow'd me;
 Therefore I charge you, by the Power of Friendship,
 By *Piercy's* Woes, and all the Love you owe
 To me! go and prevail that he may see her:
 He said that you had vow'd to bring't to pass.

Roch. I'll do it instantly; and if she will not,
 I'll bear her Body in these Arms by Force;
 Her mind, I'm sure, is willing to be with him.

Blunt. She's coming streight this way; go quickly you,
 (The miserable Wretch is yet without,)
 And give him notice, now's the time to speak't her,
 Then streight return to hold her in Discourse
 Till *Piercy* comes.

Roch. So kind and pitiful!
 May all thy Cruel Sex be blest for thee. [Ex. Roch.]

Blunt. So——this has prov'd a lucky Tale, and now
 This rare Intelligence goes to my *Woolsey*,
 Who'll send th' Alarm to the watchful King,
 Streight to surprize him with his Wife, like *Jafon*,
 Just stealing of his Golden Fleece away——
 She comes, she comes, this Player-Queen; but know,
 This is the last proud Act of all thy show;
 This is a Bait, kind Stars, if you'll not frown,
 With which I'll take Revenge, or catch a Crown:
 And when sh' has got her Heav'n, and I my Aim;
 Who then dares tell me that I was to blame!
 For who contemns a prosp'rous Wickedness,
 Or thinks that ill, that's Sainted with Success. [Ex. Blunt.]

Enter Queen with a Letter.

Queen. What shall I do! where teach my trembling Feet
 Their way! was ever Virtue storm'd like mine!
 Within, without, I am haunted all alike;
 Without tormented with a jealous King,
 Within, my Fears suggest a thousand Plagues,
 Bid me remember injur'd *Piercy's* Wrongs,
 And brand me with the Name of Cruel to him;

Then

Then on a sudden a more dreadful thought
 Upbraids me with a Guilt ;
 And tells me, that kind Pity is a Sin.
 Witness, and blame not me, y' Immortal Powers!
 When you expose two diff'rent Paths, one Good,
 The other bad, and tell not which to take:
 If to obey you is my Aim, just Heav'n!
 'Tis not my fault if I shou'd chuse the wrong.

Enter Rochford.

Roch. Sister! most Royal, Merciful, and Fair,
 And best belov'd of Heav'n, and all Mankind,
 Let your dear Brother make it his Request,
 Thus on his Knees, as Deities are Charm'd,
 That you would hear th' unhappy *Piercy* speak,
 This once, and but this once——*Piercy's* without ;
 Shall my best Friend take but his last Farewell?
 Grant it, or never more let *Rochford* see you.

Queen. Oh Brother! plead no more, 'tis all in vain ;
 Do not betray thy Sister to a Guilt,
 And stain the Crystal Virtue of a Soul,
 Which still she holds far dearer than a Crown ;
 Seek not, by Vile Enchantments, to destroy
 That Innocence which yet is all my Force,
 All the Defence poor *Bullen* has against
 A jealous Husband, Cruel Foes, and worse,
 Against the Malice of Inveterate Hell.

Roch. What Danger can there be? what Guilt in you?
 To hear the Wretched and the Injur'd pray?
 Come; for you will, you shall, you must now hear him.

Queen. No more! no more. There's yet a subtler Orator
 Than you, or Pity, pleads for *Piercy* here,
 Here in my firm couragious Soul, and stronger
 Than Father, Mother, or ten thousand Brothers,
 Yet I can that deny.

Roch. What shall I tell him?

Queen. Tell him, we are undone; I must not see him;
 And what's far worse, the King is jealous; tell him
 I love him——Tell him what is false, I hate him;

H

Say

Say any thing ; but let me not behold him ;
 For oh ! my Weakness he so fierce assaults,
 'Twill spoil——'Twill wrack my Conduct——See, he comes.

Enter Piercy.

Most Cruel Piercy !——Cruel Brother rather——
 Help—Take, and bear me swiftly from the Danger.

Roch. Cast but one Look, and you must needs relent.

Queen. What shall I do? which Passage shall I chuse? [*Aside.*
 Arm me, kind Heav'n! against my Foe of Pity.

Pier. Still, still she turns, and hides her treach'rous Eyes—
 Is't possible that she can feel Remorse?

Or Pity after all? O no; she loves too well
 The fatal Cause that purchas'd all this Pomp—
 Stay, *Anna Bullen*! Stay; my Queen—Perhaps
 It is expected I should call you Queen:
 Behold your Hatred——

Queen. Fly, good *Piercy*, fly:
 There's Nets preparing for your life and mine——
 There's nought but Snares and Quick-sands where we tread,
 Unfathom'd Pits hid under painted Grounds
 Where vast Destruction watches to devour us:
 Farewell——

Pier. Hear me but first, and shew thy Face,
 Thy false, dissembling Beauties——
 Many when wrackt have been by Dolphins born,
 And safely landed on the welcome Shore:
 And in the Forests, nay, the Monsters Dens,
 The Passenger, half starv'd for want of Food,
 Has by the Lyons oft been spar'd and fed:
 But Cruel *Bullen*, Cruel Beauty kills
 All whom it Fetters, most on whom it Smiles.
 Nor can the Elements, nor gentler Brutes,
 Teach Woman to be pitiful or good.

Queen. Now, now just Heav'n! y'are showing all your Plagues.
 At once upon my Head, and I will bear 'em;
 Bear 'em like one of you, and bless the Weight;
 Hear my self false upbraided, call'd most perjur'd,
 Deceitful, and the Monster of my Sex;
 Ev'n I, (who, you Revengeful Powers above

Know,)

Know,) love this Cruel Chider to a Fault!

Ah *Piercy*, *Piercy*——Fly; for life begone;
Each Minute that you stay brings Death to both.

Pier. Ah, hold! If not for Love, for Pity stay.
And if no just Complaint can pierce your hearing,
Then Blessings shall: Ten thousand Blessings on you,
If you will hear the Curst of Mankind speak.

Roch. Now, Sister, heard you that! By Heav'n it melts me.
Sure I'm turn'd all the Woman, you the Man.

Queen. Give me your hand, kind Brother, and support me;
Help, for I stagger with the treble Weight
Of Grief, Despair, and Pity!

My Senses all are charm'd, and Feet fast ty'd
To this Incharmed Floor——Quick, or I'm lost.

Pier. Yet turn; if there's one jot of Pity in you;
If *Piercy* e're was worth one Thought, I charge you,
By the lov'd Name of *Anna Bullen*, stay——

What then, will nothing move? O inexorable!
No not a Look! not *Piercy* worth one Look!
Yet, *Rochford*, hold! Canst thou too be so Cruel!
Fell and obdurate both!

Is there no hope? but will you; will you then
Begone?

Queen. Fly, Brother, e're it be too late,
For shou'd I listen but a Moment more,
The strength of *Hercules* were not enough
To draw me hence, so unruly is my Body,
And my unwilling Soul so loth to part.

Pier. Then with my Knees, thus fastning to the ground
[*Piercy kneels upon her Robe.*]

Your Robe, and thus with my extended Arms
I'll force and charm you, 'till y'have heard my last
Complaint: And then forbear to pity if you can.

Queen. Why dost thou hold?—— Why do I hold my self?

Pier. Ten thousand Curses light upon her Soul
In Hell; and worse, what mine on Earth endures,
That first taught Woman Falsehood——
If for a Crown she's false! Oh may that Crown
Sit loathsom on her Forehead as her Crimes,
May Adders nest within th' Ambitious Round,

And into Stings the fatal Ermins turn.
 When dead, may all the Miseries she feels
 Be through the World recorded as a Mark
 For faithful Lovers to beware, and ne're
 Be nam'd without a Curse.

Queen. Ah Cruel *Piercy* !

Pier. But for my *Queen*, let Heav'n and Angels guard her ;
 Her I except from any bitter Fate :

Let *Anna Bullen's* Breast be ne're disturb'd,
 Nor Soul upbraided with the Wrongs of *Piercy* :
 And oh, kind Heav'n ! if there be any Sorrow
 (As sure none e're can be) ordain'd for her,
 False as she is, I beg that it may fall
 Only on wretched *Piercy's* Head——May Hers
 Be all the Pleasure still, and mine the Pain.

Queen. O Gods ! obdurate Heav'ns ! Cruel Honour ! [*Aside.*
 And yet more Cruel Vertue, hear and see !

Pier. And when I shall for ever be recluse,
 As now I go to part with all Mankind,
 'Twill be my Joy, sometimes to think of you,
 And make me live, perhaps, one Day the longer,
 When in my Melancholy Cell, I hear
 That the Crown flourishes on *Bullen's* Head.

Queen. Ha ! I'm or'whelm'd, the Sluces all are broke, [*Aside.*
 And Pity, like a Torrent, pours me down ;
 Now I am drowning, all within's a Deluge ;
 Wisdom nor Strength can stem the Tide no more,
 And Nature in my Sex ne're felt the like ——
 Help *Rochford*, e're I'm rooted to this Earth.
 Away, away ! the least word more undoes me.

Pier. Yet turn one Look upon me, e're you go.

Queen. There, take it, with my life, perhaps the purchase—
 Take that too, *Piercy*, thou hast been betray'd. [*Gives him a*
 Learn there th' unhappy *Bullen's* Fate----Farewell. *Letter.*

Pier. Yet stay---the Soul ne're parted with such pangs,
 From the pale Body, as you fly from me.

Queen. *Piercy* adieu----I can----I will----I must
 No more. [*Ex. Qu. and Roch.*

Pier. What, never see you more ! She's gone,
 She's gone, more lov'd and beautiful than ever :

And

And now methought, just as she parted from me,
 She shot a Look quite through my gory Heart,
 And left it Gasping, Dying, and Despairing ———
 What's here, a Letter! and the Character
 That I so oft have been acquainted with?
 If these Eternal Kisses give me leave,
 I'll break it open with as great a Joy,
 As I had leap'd into our Marriage-Bed,
 And rifled all the Sweets and Pleasures there——
 What's this I read!

Reads.

*By Wicked Woolley, Harry, and our Parents
 I was betray'd, and forc'd to Wed the King:
 Who intercepted all thy Letters, Swearing
 With Sacramental Oaths, that thou wert false,
 And Marry'd First——Piercy adieu, and Credit me,
 And that I lov'd thee better than my Life.
 Burn this rash Paper, lest the Fiends disclose it.*

B U L L E N.

She's Innocent! Oh! you Immortal Powers!
 She's Innocent! And then she loves me still.
 Sound, found my Joy, till my Exalted Soul
 Is wound up to th' extreamest pitch of Bliss:
 Let Piercy never after this be sad——
 Yet hold——What dawn of Comfort can'st thou spy
 In this——Oh none——This Glowworm-Spark,
 This Glimp of Hope is vanisht, and I'm left
 In deeper Darkness, Horror and Despair,
 Than e're I was before——
 Oh Anna Bullen! Curst in being true!
 And I more Curst in knowing it too late.

Re-enter Queen and Rochford.

Ha! she returns! The mourning Angel comes
 Again! Sure Heav'n's in Love with both our Miseries,
 They look with such a Pomp and Train in me;

And

And are so beautiful in her!

Queen. Well, Brother,
And thou far stronger and Immortal Pity,
And more Immortal Love, y' have brought me back——
Ye have. What! what will you do with me now?

Roch. Could any thing on Earth! Tyger, or Panther,
Much less a Creature form'd by Heav'n like It:
Could you, I say, refrain at such an Object!
At the last Words of the unhappy Wretch,
And not forbear to balm him o're in Tears,
Or else but hear him speak!

Queen. Now I'm inclos'd again!
The Combat now grows fierce and strong, and oh!
How weak an Armour Resolution is,
Against our Passions, or the Man belov'd:
Virtue and Honour, hence be proud no more,
Nor brag of your Dominion o're Mankind;
Lest Love, most fatal Love, too soon should tell you,
And make you feel, h' has mightier Chains than you——
See where he is——Look Heav'n with tender Eyes;
Give Council to my just despairing Soul,
And tell me, Pity is no Sin——Ah *Piercy*!

Pier. My Charming *Queen*! my *Anna Bullen* once!
Am I so Blest, and yet so wretched too,
As what is written here contains; and tell me!
May I believe that you can love me still?

Queen. Oh *Piercy*! *Piercy*! urge me not to tell you
What Heav'n's Austerity will not permit,
Nor force me to declare——
What the *Eternal* Sees already written
In too broad Characters within my Breast;
How large, how deep thy Story's graven here,
And what I dare not, never must unfold——
Oh! I have said too much.

Pier. What! said too much!
Can you repent of one kind thought of *Piercy*?
And spitefully call back your tender Mercy!
Nay, worse; Can you behold the almost Naked,
And starv'd beseeching Wretch, and strive to pull
The totter'd Remnants from his quivering Joints,

And

And dash the Pitcher from the greedy Lips
Of one just ready to expire with Thirst?
Oh Cruel Queen! For *Anna Bullen* would not,
She would not, would not use her *Piercy* thus.

Queen. Cease, cease such sounds——

And turn thy sad, resistless Eyes away;
For if I once behold those Tears, and hear
Thy just Complaints, I can no longer hold,
But break I must through all the bonds of Virtue.
Nay, stood the Jealous *Harry* by
With all his Guards of Devils, *Woolsey's*, *Cardinals*;
Inspight of all, in spight of more my self
I must both see, hear thee, and speak to thee,
And pity thee. Now are you satisfied?

Pier. It is enough, bright Daughter of the Sky:
Y' have conquer'd me, my Deity, you have
Here on my Knees, but yet at distance too,
The Posture of a Soul in Extacy,
I beg a thousand Pardons of my Queen.
A Look, a Sigh, or Tear, from *Anna Bullen*,
Is far more worth than all the trifling Wrongs;
Nay, than the Life and very Soul of *Piercy*.

Queen. Help me just Heav'n, who sees how I'm besieged,
And what a weak Resistless Wretch I am!
Why d'ye impose on us so hard a Task
On poor Mankind, so feeble and so frail,
Making us here Comissioners of Virtue,
Yet put by Drums and Scruples in the Ballance,
To Counter-poise and weigh down Flesh and Blood:
How weaks my Will to draw my Body hence;
And oh! how loath my Eyes are to depart,
But wish for ever to be fasten'd on thee,
And look one Look to vast Eternity;
Yet we must part, Ah, *Piercy*! part for ever——

Pier. Ah say not so! must we so soon, my Queen!
Is then this Moments Bliss so Criminal,
That it must forfeit all my precious Hopes
Of an Assurance once to meet again!

Queen. My mind now bodes to me, that 'tis our last:
Yet I must bid thee go: There is no Joy for us;

The Worlds a Deluge all to thee and me——

There is no rest, my *Piercy*, in this World,
No Sanctuary to lay the weary Head
Of the undone, th' unpitty'd, and betray'd.
Farewell: There's somewhat rises o're my Soul,
And covers it as with a fatal Cloud
Of Horror, Death, and Fear. It cannot be;
The Sting of parting cannot do all this;
Farewell, farewell.

Pier. Stay; must we part for ever
What never! never meet again!

Queen. Never till we are Clay, and then perhaps,
Neglected as we were in Life, thrown out in Death,
Some Charitable Man may be so kind,
To give our poor forsaken Bodies Burial,
Laying 'em both together in one Bed
Of Earth.——

Hah! the times come! my Fatal Doom's at Hand!

*Three Drops of Blood falls from her Nose,
and stains her Handkerchief.*

Behold, the Heav'ns in Characters of Blood,
In three inevitable Drops,
Have seal'd it, and decreed that it is now!
Ah *Piercy*! fly, and leave me here alone
To stem this mighty Torrent of my Fate.
Begone, while I have Life to bid thee go:
For now Death stops my Tongue——

[*She Swoones.*

Pier. My Lord——

She Faints——My Life! my *Anna Bullen* stay;
Or your Commands shall Fetter me no more;
But break I will through all the Bars of Distance,
And catch thee thus, thus hold thee in my Armes——
Rochford! Oh help to call her back again.
Hold, stop thy flight; thou precious Air return!
Far richer than that rare Immaculate Breath,
Which Natures God breath'd in the first of Mankind!

Roch. Wake Sister, wake! behold, no dangers nigh!

Queen. Ah *Piercy*! Now I wake, with Courage now
To meet my Fate; and see where it approaches.

Enter

ANNA BULLEN.

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Enter Cardinal, Northumberland, and Guards.

Pier. Ha! *Woolsey*, and my Father with the Guards!

Card. My Lord, e're we discover our Commission,
Pray, let your Son be parted from the Queen,
Lest the wrong'd King should see him in his Rage,
And Execute his worst of Fury on him.

North. Son! tho' you have committed, in the Court,
The greatest Crime, against your Royal Master,
That e're a Subject can be guilty of;
Yet in respect of these Gray Hairs and Tears,
He has been pleas'd to spare your forfeit Life:
Therefore begone: A Minutes stay is fatal——
Guards, force him, if he goes not willingly,
And carry him streight, by Barge, to *Suffolk-House*
Without Reply.

Pier. Obediently I'll go,
If you will promise me that you have nought
Against the Sacred Person of the Queen,
And will not touch her: For 'tis greater Sacrilege,
Then 'tis to hurt an Angel, cou'd it be,
She is so Innocent, so Chast, and Pure.
Else I'm resolv'd to stand, no Rock so firm!
Fixt like the Center to the Massy Globe.
You should as soon remove strong *Hercules*,
With his Hands grasping both the Poles of Heaven,
As force me from this Footing, where I stand,
And see the Queen but threatned, or in danger.

Card. My Lord, on both our Honours, the Queens Person
Shall be Inviolat and Sacred always;
Nor know we ought against her—but the King
Is coming streight to visit her, as kindly
As he was wont: Therefore you must begone——
We have no other Reason, but your safety.

Pier. I fear! for ah what Truth can come from thee?
Thou speak'st but at the Second Hand from Hell——
Kind Sir, May I believe what *Woolsey* says?

Card. Confirm it, good my Lord, or you'll delay.

North. 'Tis true, what the great Cardinal has told you.

I

Queen.

V E R T U E Betray'd: Or,

Queen. Go, *Piercy*; and mistrust not more than I;
Begone, if I have Power left to Command;
Leave me to Innocence, and Heav'n that will not
Permit a Soul that never did any ill,
To fear it.

Pier. Then I'll go——But oh Just Heav'n!
And all you Angels, Cherubins, and Thrones:
All you bright Guards to the most High Imperial,
You kindest, gentlest, mildest Planets,
You lesser Stars, you fair Innumerable,
And all you bright Inhabitants above,
Protect the Sacred Person of the Queen;
And shed your balefull'st Venom on their Heads,
That think to stain a Whiteness like your selves.
Farewell——

[*Ex. Piercy.*]

Queen. Farewell!

Card. *John Viscount Rockford*, by the King's Command,
W' Arrest you here, of Capital, High Treason.

Queen. Hear Heav'n! my Brother faln into the Snare!

Card. And 'tis his Pleasure, that you streight be sent
Clote Prisoner to the Tower, with the Lord *Norris*,
Who is suspected with you to be Guilty
Of the same hainous Crime. Guards! Seize his Person.

Rock. Base Villain! Traytor! *Woolsey*! Say, for what?

Queen. No matter. Let a Woman teach thee Courage:
Ne'er ask for what, since 'tis his wife Decree
Above who gave us with a liberal Hand,
And fate us on the highest Spoke of Greatness,
No longer than he pleas'd to call us down——

Well, Whose turn's next? Come, dart your worst, my Lords,
And meet a temper'd Breast, that knows to bear.
By my bright Hopes, y' are more afraid than I;
I did expect you would begin with me!

Card. Most Royal Madam, Oh! I wish the King
Had chosen some less unwilling than our selves,
To Execute this most detested Office.

In Witness of it, on our Knees, with Tears
And Sorrow, we our sad Commission tell:
It is the Kings most fatal Pleasure too,
That you be sent a Prisoner to the Tower,

[*Kneels.*]

And

And thence, immediately to both your Tryals.

[Rises.

Roch. Tryal! oh her wrong'd Innocence! for what?

Queen. No more, Dear Brother; let us both submit,
And give Heav'n Thanks, and our most Gracious King;
For I'm not so presumptuous of my Virtue;
But think, Dear *Rockford*, that both you and I
Have once committed, in our erring Lives,
Something, for which we justly merit Death,
Though not, perhaps, the Thing we are accused of.

Enter the King in a Fury, with Letters in his Hand. Attendants and Guards.

Card. The King is here!

Queen. Then he is Merciful.

King. Where is this Woman! this most abhorr'd of Wives!
This Scandal to her Sex, my Crown and Life!
What by your Minion? oh good Natur'd Husband!
Down on your Knees, and thank me for the favour——
See——here are Letters faln into my Hands,
Where your dear Brother says he has enjoy'd you.

[Gives the Letters to the Queen

Oh thou more Damn'd, and more Infatiate far,
Than *Messalina*. She was Chast, to thee.
Her, half the Men and Slaves of *Rome*,
Could satisfy; but thou, not all Mankind,
With Husband, Brother, Kindred in the Number. [She gives
Queen. Oh Heav'nly Pow'rs! oh Guard of Innocence! [em *Roch.*
What do I see and hear! O Sacred Sir!
You took me to your Royal Bed, a Hand-maid,
The most unworthy of the mighty Favour;
Oh throw me into Dungeons streight, or take
Away my Life, that ne're offended you:
Take all, in Recompence, from *Anna Bullen*!
'Tis yours; But do not Rob me of my Fame,
Nor stain my Virtue with so foul a Guilt.

Roch. What's here? my Amorous Letters sent to *Blunt*!
Has she betray'd me!

King. I will hear no more. [To the Queen.

Roch.

Roch. Ah Royal Sir, these Letters I confess——

King. Damn thy hot Lustful Breath; thy Poysonous Tongue!
Here, take 'em hence, to Tortures, Racks, to Death.

Queen. O Sir! I am prepar'd for any Death;
For worse than Death, a thousand, thousand Torments;
And if you think 'em all not pain enough,
Here, take Advice of *Woolsey*; Hee'l instruct you;
Tell you, how you may plague this hated Body;
But do not think that I'm so loath'd a Creature.

King. Quick; Take away thy Hands, or I will force thee——

Queen. You shall not, cannot, till I've Sworn the Truth:
For, by th' unspotted Babe within the Womb,
That yet lies wrapt in Innocence, unborn;
By injur'd Truth, by Souls of Martyr'd Saints,
By you, my Lord, my Husband, and my King!
And by the King of Kings, the King of Heav'n,
I'm wrong'd! Ah Royal, gracious Sir, I'm wrong'd.

King. Unhand me; or I'll spurn thee from thy hold——
Seize, seize on *Piercy*—By my Life, who begs [To the Guards.
In his Behalf's a Traytor, worse than he—— [To North. who
Here is another Letter too, it is from *Norris*, kneels.
Who much Commends your darling, secret Beauties,
And sweetness of your Lips; Yet you are wrong'd!——
Here's Notes of your Musician too, that Charm'd you.
Eternal Hell! where's such another Monster?
I have more Horns than any Forrest yields,
Than *Finsbury*, or all the City Musters
Upon a Training, or a Lord Mayors-Day.
Rise! and Begon, thou Fiend, thou Sorcerers;
Thy Power, thy Charms, like Witch-craft, all have left thee.
Go you incestuous Twins, make haste and mingle
Your foul, Adulterate Blood in Death together——
Oh, they're too long afunder. Why, dost Weep!
Go to thy Death, and what's a greater pain,
May Heav'n, like me, see all those Tears in vain:

[*Ex. King, Attendants;*

Roch. Ah Sister! what dire Fiends must punish *Rochford*:
What will become of me, the Cause of all?

Queen. Fear not. Heav'n knows thy Innocence, and mine!
What tho' we suffer here a little shame!

ANNA BULLEN.

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'Tis to reward our Souls above, and with
Immortal Restitution Crown 'em there——
We two liv'd in one Mother's spotless Womb;
And then we scarce had purer Thoughts than now!
And shortly we shall meet together in
One Grave.

Roch. O say not so: Death dare not be so Cruel.

Queen. Cease Brother, cease; say not a word in answer;
But lead me, like a Valiant Man, to Chains.
Come, let's prepare——But first my Pomp adieu!

[Kneels, and lays down her Crown.]

From Heav'n I did my Crown and Life receive,
And back to Heav'n both Crown and Life I'll give;

And thus, in humble posture, lay it down

With greater Joy than first I put it on.

[Rises.]

And now I tread more light, and see from far

A Beamy Crown, each Diamond a Star.

But oh, you Royal Martyrs! cease a while

Your Crying Blood, that else must curse this Isle;

Of the *Imperial* ask it with my Pray'r;

For you are still the nearest Angels there:

Then *Richard, Edwards, Henry*, all make room,

The first of slaughter'd *English* Queens I come;

Let me amongst your glorious, happy Train,

Free from this hated World, and Traitors Reign. *[Ex. Ambo.]*

The End of the Fourth Act.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Cardinal and Blunt severally.

Card. **L**uckiest of Omens! do I meet my *Juno*!
 My Fair, Illustrious Partner in Revenge!
 Come, tell the News that your glad Eyes proclaim:
 Speak, by thy Looks, I know it must be well.
 Is she Condemn'd? Shall *Rome* be Absolute?
 Shall *Woolsey* Reign, and shall my *Blunt* be Queen?

Blunt. 'Tis as thou say'st, most mighty of thy Function;
 Greatest that e're adorn'd this Robe, it is.
 These Eyes saw the bright *English* Sun Eclips'd,
 And what is more, Eclips'd by Thee and Me,
 Cast by her awful Judges from her Height,
 Guilty and sham'd, as *Lucifer* from Heav'n,
 And forc'd to beg it, as the mildest Sentence,
 To lose her Head.

Card. Then there's an end of *Bullen*.

Blunt. And what to see, gave me the greater Joy;
 Those Letters counterfeited by the Fool
 Her Brother, were the strongest Proofs against her;
 So the same Papers which by your Advice
 I got convey'd into her Cabinet,
 Were the substantiall'st Circumstances found
 For which she dies.

Card. O Just and Sacred Rage,
 Revenge! Thou greatest Deity on Earth!
 And Woman's Wit the greatest of thy Council.

Blunt. We ought to veil before your Priestly Robe;
 My Crown of Wit shall ne're stand Candidate
 With yours; and yet I dare be bold to say,
 This I, and Malice would have done alone,
 Without the mighty Aid of *Woolsey's* Brain.

Card. Then nothing's to be done by Fate, nor *Woolsey*,
 But take the vanquisht Crown from *Bullen's* Head,
 And place it suddenly on yours.

Blunt.

Blunt. For which,
My gracious *Woolsey*, I will so reward you.

Enter to them Piercy.

Pier. Blackness Eternal cover all the World!
Infernal Darkness, such as *Agypt* felt,
When the Great Patriarch curs'd the fatted Land,
And with a Word extinguish'd all the light.

Blunt. See, *Piercy's* here! more mad than we are joyful:
Does't not make young the Blood about thy heart,
T' see that our Revenge not singly hits,
But, like a Chain-shot carries all before it?

Card. Let us avoid him——you intend to see
The Queen receive her Death: But I, to hide
The Pleasure that perhaps the sight would give me,
Will pass this Day at *Esher*, like a Mourner.

Pier. Behold, the Sun shines still; instead of Darkness,
Yon Azure Blue's unspeckled with a Cloud;
The Face of Heav'n smiles on her as a Bride,
The Day, the Sun sits mounted on his Chariot,
And darts his spiteful Beams in scorn of Pity;
'Bates not a jot of the Illustrious Pomp,
He should have furnish'd on her Wedding-Day:
Heav'n looks like Heav'n still, Nature as 'twas,
Men, Beasts, and Devils; every thing that lives,
Conspires, as pleas'd at *Anna Bullen's* Fall.
Behold, just Powers! the Curses of the Land!
Stay you Amphibious Monsters, Priest, and Devil! [*To the Card.*
And Strumpet, if it can be, worse than both! *and Blunt.*
You far more dreadful Pair than those that first
Betray'd poor easie Man, and all Mankind:
Thou fatal Woman Thou! and Serpent Thou!
By whose sole Malice (oh that Heav'n should let it!)
A greater Innocence this Day is fallen,
Than ever blest the Walks of Paradise.

Card. My Lord, I shall acquaint the King with this,
And those just Lords the Judges of her Cause,
Whom your base Malice wrongs—But I'm above it——
Farewell.

[*Ex. Card. and Blunt.*
Pier...

Pier. Bold Traytors! Hell-hounds! hear me first;
 Stay you infectious Dragons; do you flye!
 Does *Anna Bullen's* Chastity and Virtue,
 Writ in this Angry Fore-head, make you start———[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Diana to him.

What, the fair, wrong'd *Diana's* Face in Tears!
 Can *Anna Bullen's* Miseries Attract
 The noblest of Compassion, Pity from
 A Rivals Breast! thou Wonder of thy Sex!
 How far more Wretched mak'st thou *Piercy* still,
 When I behold how much thou dost deserve,
 And I, so very little have to pay!

Dian. What Rocky-heart could have refrain'd from Pity,
 To see the Sight that I did! any thing,
 But Man, most Cruel Mankind, would have griev'd;
 Tygers and Panthers would have wept to see her;
 And her base Judges, had they not been Men,
 Would have bemoan'd her like departing Babes.

Pier. Is *Rochford* too Condemn'd?

Dian. Alas! he is.

Rochford and *Norris* both, receiv'd their Sentence,
 And both behav'd themselves like Gallant Men———
 But for the Queen! Ah *Piercy*, such bright Courage,
 No thought can Dictate, nor no Tongue Relate,
 When she was tax'd with that unnatural Crime,
 Adultery with her Brother; ('Tis a Sin
 That e're it should be nam'd.) At first she started,
 And soon an Innocent, not Guilty, Red
 Adorn'd her Face, and Sainted it with Tears;
 But streight conceiving it a Fault, she Smil'd,
 Wip'd off the Drops, and chid the Blush away.

Pier. When I am Dead, may my sad Tale be blest,
 And have no other Tongue, but thine, to tell it.

Dian. Then with the meekness of a Saint she stood;
 With such amazing Oratory dazled,
 And like the Sun, darted quite through her Judges,
 And sham'd their Guilt, that none durst look upon her:
 But oh! what's destin'd in the blackest Pit

Of Hell; what Innocence can n'ere withstand.
 What e're she said, that Angel cou'd not finer,
 And shew'd a Soul, no Crystal nigh so clear;
 Tho' all appear'd to be the Plot of Devils;
 Yet was she guilty found, and, oh, sad *Piercy*!
 (May all Eyes weep at it, like thine and mine)
 Condemn'd to lose her Head.

Pier. Hell dare not think it.

Dia. The Cruel Duke of *Norfolk*, her Relation,
 As Steward for the Day, pronounc'd the Sentence.

Pier. And my hard hearted Father too was there.

Dia. My Lord! What said you? your hard hearted Father?
 Oh blotted let it be from all Records,
 And never be in *Englands* Annals read,
 What I'm about to tell you. Her own Father,
 The Earl of *Wiltshire*, fate amongst her Judges.

Pier. O Monster damn'd! than Cruel *Titan* worse,
 That eat up his own Issue as he got e'm.

Dia. Behold, the King! All Knees, are bent, all Hands,
 All good mens Eyes lift up to Heav'n and him,
 To beg the Life of Her that glads the World.

Pier. Make use of all thy Womans art to win him;
 Let all Petition him that share her Blood,
 Matrons, Wives, Virgins, all the charming Sex.

Dia. Do you with-draw. You but incense the King——
 Iv'e yet a soft Experiment to try,
 Shall pierce his stubborn Nature to the Quick.

Pier. That Angel, th'art inspir'd with prosper thee. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter King and Attendants.

King. *Piercy*! did I not charge he should be seiz'd?

[*To the Guards who go out to seize Piercy.*]

Now by the sacred Crown of *Englands* Monarchs,

Let none entreat me upon pain of Death?

[*To Petitioners.*]

What's here? a List of base Petitioners,

For *Norris* Life! Hell and Confusion seize him.

Have I not like a Rock against the Seas,

And Mountain 'gainst the Winds stood thus unshaken,

Deny'd all *Englands* Prayers, and Tears of Angels?

K

Nay

Nay more, this heart, that pleads with mortal pangs
For my dear *Anna Bullen's* life? And shall I
Pardon a Slave before I would my Queen?

Enter Northumberland, who kneels.

King. Why dost kneel?

North. I met my Son this most unlucky moment,
Just as the Guards were ready to obey,
And Execute your fatal orders on him,
Who in despair, or rather in obedience,
Making a faint resemblance to resist;
As they were striving to put by his Sword,
He on a sudden open'd wide his Arms,
And on his Breast received a wilful wound.
I kneel with humble Prayer's, that his Disaster
would mitigate your present and just Fury,
And grant my Son his freedom, till his hurt
Is cur'd, which is not mortal.

King. Be it so.

Enter Diana, leading in the Young Princess Elizabeth, with Women.

Dian. Pardon this bold Intrusion in your Presence.
Your Daughter Sir, this little Princess here,
Possess'd with Womans Rage, and far above
The little sparkling Reason of a Child,
Scream'd for her Father; Where's my Father, said she;
And as we brought her to you, still she cry'd,
Unless she saw her Father, she wou'd die.

King. What wouldst thou have, my little Betty, say?

Child. But will you promise me that you'll not frown,
And cry aloud, Hough? and then indeed I'll tell you.

King. I do. Come, Let me take thee in my Arms——

Child. No: but I'll kneel: for I must be a Beggar,
And I have learn't, that all who beg of you,
Must do it kneeling.

North. Prettiest Innocence!

King. well then, what is't my little Prater, say?

Child.

Child. I'm told that streight my Mother is to die,
Yet I have heard you say, you lov'd her dearly:
And will you let her die, and me die too?

King. She must die, Child; There is no harm in death;
Besides the Law has said it, and She must.

Child. Must! is the Law a greater King than you?

King. O yes. But do not cry my pretty *Betty*:
For she'll be happier when she's dead, and go
To Heaven.

Child. Nay, I'm sure shee'll go to Heav'n.

King. How art thou sure?

Child. Somebody told me so
Last night when I was in my sleep.

King. Who was it?

Child. A fine Old man, like my Godfather *Cranmer*.

Card. Ay! there's the Egg that hatcht this Cockatrice.

Child. Pray Father, what's that huge, tall, Bloody man?
I n'ere saw him but once in all my life,
And then he frighted me. He looks for all
The World, just like the Picture of the Pope.

King. Why, don't you love the Pope?

Child. No indeed don't I,
Nor never will.

King. Ay, but you must my Dear;
He is a fine old man too, if you saw him.

Card. Go y'are a little Heretick.

Child. A Heretick!

Pray Father, what does that bold Fellow call me?
What's that?

King. Why, that's One that forsakes the right,
And turns to a new, wrong Religion.

Child. Then I'm no Heretick: For I ne're turn'd
In all my life. But you forget your Child.
Dear Father, will you save my Mother's life?

King. You must not call me Father: For they say,
Y'are not my Daughter.

Child. Who's am I then?
Who told you so? That ugly old, bald Priest?
He tells untruth. I'm sure you are my Father?

King. How art?

Child. Cause I love none so well as you——
But oh you'l never hear me what I have to say,
As long as He, that Devil there, stands by
Your Elbow.

King. Ha! what Devil?

Child. That Red Thing there.

King. Oh Child; He is no Devil, he's a Cardinal.

Child. Why does he wear that huge, long Coat then?
Unless it be to hide his Cloven Feet.

Card. Sir, all's design'd by *Cranmer* for the Queen,
Of whom Sh'as learnt this Lesson like a Parot.

King. Take her away. I were a Fool indeed,
If Womens Tears, and Childrens idle Prattle,
Should change my fixt Resolves, and cheat my Justice——
Away with her.

Child. Oh, but they dare not :
Father, will you not let your *Betty* kiss you?
Why do you let 'em pull me from you so?
I ne're did anger you :
Pray save my Mother, Dear King-Father do ;
And if you hate her, we will promise both,
That she and I will go a great, huge way,
And never see you more.

King. Unloose her; hough!
Hence with her straight: I will not hear her prate
Another word. Go, y'are a naughty Girl.

Child. Well, I'm resolv'd when I am grown a Woman,
I'll be reveng'd, and cry, Hough, too.

[*Ex. Diana, Princess, Women.*]

King. Ha! Spirit!
Mount all the Draw-Bridges, and guard the Gates,
Then bring the Prisoners forth to Execution :
Norris, and *Rockford* first, and then the Queen :
My Lord *Northumberland*, be it your Task ;
Dispatch my Orders straight, and fetch the Traytors——
What's this that gives my Soul a sudden Twitch?
And bids me not proceed. Ha! is't Compassion!
Shall Pity ever fond the Breast of *Harry*!
'Tis but a slip of Nature, and 'I'll on.

Think

Think on thy Wrongs; the Wrongs her Lust has done thee,
 And sweep away this loath'd Incestuous, Brood,
 As Heav'n would drive a Plague from off the Land :
 Think thou shalt have thy *Seymor* in thy Arms,
 Who shall restore thy loss with double Charms :
 And tho' my *Bullen* sets this Night, and dies,
Seymor, next Morn, like a new Sun shall rise.

[*Ex. King, Attendants.*

North. With an unwilling Heart, I take this Office.
 And Heav'n, if *Anna Bullen's* Innocent,
 Forgive me, since it is my King's Command.
 My Breast is sad, and tender for her, all ;
 Tho' *Piercy* ne're can rise, but by her Fall——

Enter to him Rochford, Lieutenant, and Guards.

Roch. Wil't not be granted, that I here may see
 My Sister e're I dye, to part with her ?

Lieut. There is my Lord *Northumberland*, he'l tell you.

Roch. My Lord, y'are come to see a wretched Pair
 Of *Ormonds* Issue leave this fatal World.
 Shall we not meet, and take our last Farewell ?

North. *Norris*, my Lord, is now upon the Scaffold.
 Then your turn follows ; but before that time,
 I guess the Queen will be prepar'd, and come.

Roch. Forgive me, Heav'n, my Passion, and my Crime,
 For Natures choice of a wrong, fatal Object,
 Loving too well, what in effect was ill.

O all you strict Idolaters of Beauty !
 You fond, severe Adorers of that Sex,
 Who think that all their Vices cannot Center
 In one vile Womans Breast ; see, and repent !
 Behold 'em all together
 In the Infernal *Blunt*, in Her they're fix'd.
 Thus have they all been Curst, and thus they all
 Have been betray'd, that lov'd so well as I.

Enter

*Enter Queen going to Execution all in White : Diana,
Women in Mourning ; Guards.*

Queen. Come, where are those must lead me to my Fate?
To a more Glorious, Happy Marriage-Bed,
And my Eternal Coronation Day——
What, *Piercy's* Father! must he do the Office?
Still I can bear it all, and bear it bravely.

North. Madam! it is the Kings severe Command,
That I attend your Majesty to th' Scaffold.

Queen. Enough, my Lord, you might have spar'd that Title:
Alas! I wish it ever had been spar'd——
I should have been, if Malice had not reign'd,
Your *Piercy's* Wife, the Scope of my Ambition:
I ne're had then been mounted to a Throne;
Then this unhappy hour had never been.

Rock. Mind this you Rocky World, and mourn in Chaos.
Such Words as these the Heav'ns must weep to hear,
And make yon Marble Roof dissolve in Tears.

Queen. What! do you Weep? to see your Mistress Glory!
That she shall streight wipe off the Stain on Earth
She bears, with an unspotted Fame in Heav'n?
I charge you, by my hopes, and by your hopes,
When you are going where I soon shall go;
By the illustrious Pomp I long to meet,
The Sacred, Just Rewards of injur'd Truth;
Acquaint this Noble Lord, and all here present,
If e're you saw in all my Nights, or Days,
Or in my looser Hours of Mirth or Humour,
The smallest sign of that most horrid Guilt
That I'm condemn'd for?——Why, are you all dumb?
If you are loth to tell it whilst I live,
Proclaim it when I'm dead, to all the World,
That Heav'n may bar the Gates of Bliss against me,
And throw me to the blackest of Hell's Dungeons,
Where all Dissemblers at their Death shall howl.

Wom. Alas! most Gracious Mistress, none can wish
Themselves more Innocent for Death than you.

Queen. What dost thou weep, unhappy Brother too!

Oh

Oh shew me not suspected, nor thy self
 So Guilty, by such softness——Learn of me!
 This Breast that's petrify'd by constant Woes!
 By all my Wrongs, m' Injustice, and my Cause,
 Who sees me weep, they shall be tears of Joy.
 Who grieves to leave the World, shall never come
 Where I am going, where all sorrow's banish'd.

Roch. Tho' I am innocent, my Fate is not;
 'Tis that has been unjust to thee and me.

Queen. Tho' 'tis a Common, 'tis a fatal sign,
 We weep when we are born: but it was
 More ominous, and much more fatal prov'd,
 From these prophetick Eyes there gush'd a shower,
 When *Harry* gave his Faithless hand to me;
 And on my Coronation day the like,
 My bodeing Heart another Tribute rack'd,
 Methought there sat a Mountain on my Head,
 The Curses of wrong'd *Katherine* weigh'd me down;
 And made my Crown indeed a Massey Crown.

Roch. Deny me not a little tender Grief,
 For every drop of Blood that's to be shed,
 Of that inestimable Mass of thine,
 My Soul must rack a thousand years in Hell.

Queen. Forbear such words——You have not injur'd me!
 I might as well tax Providence, as you:
 For Heav'n, that heard the Perjury of Villains,
 Might, if it pleas'd, have chok'd 'em with its Thunder,
 Or sent 'em with a Lightning blast to Hell!
 But he has bent their Rage another way, [*One whispers North.*]
 And on their Malice we shall safely mount,
 As on a Cherubin to Heav'n.

North. My Lord,
 You must prepare; a Messenger is come,
 Who brings the News that *Norris* is beheaded.

Queen. Alas! unhappy *Norris*! art thou dead?
 Yet why do I so much wrong to pity thee?
 Thou'rt happier by some moments now than I.

Roch. Come! lead me to my rest, my rest from wrongs.
 Now, *Anna Bullen*, teach me all thy Courage;
 Thy Innocence, that makes the Heav'ns amaz'd:

And!

And the more guilty Angels blush to see.
 Help me to pass the *Rubicon* of parting,
 This mid-way Gulph that hangs 'twixt Earth and Sky!
 Then that blest Region, all beyond is mine,
 And *Cæsar* was not half so great as I.

Queen. Go! be a lucky Harbinger for me;
 Tell all the Saints, and Cherubins and Martyrs,
 Tell all the Wrong'd, that now are righted there,
 Till it shall reach the high Imperial Ear,
 That *Anna Bullen* is a coming streight——

Roch. Wilt not embrace thy dying Brother first?
 One Father and one Mother gave us Birth;
 And one Chast Innocent Natures Bed inclos'd us——
 These are our Parents Arms, and so are thine.
 Then all you Saints above, and Men below,
 Bear Witness, and I vow it on my Death,
 It is the greatest, first, and only favour
 I e're receiv'd from *Anna Bullen's* Person.

Queen. In spite of Scandal, Malice, and the World;
 Nay, were the King and our vile Judges by,
 Since Heav'n is satisfy'd it is no Sin;
 I will embrace thee, think I've in my Arms,
 Both Father, Mother, Sister, Brother, all;
 And Envy cannot blame me now for this.

Roch. Thus, let thy Soul into my Bosom fly;
 That I may feel the stroke of Death for thee;
 And when the fatal Ax hangs o're thy Head,
 O may it lull Thee, and not strike thee dead.
 Softer than Infants Dreams, or with less pain,
 Than 'tis to sleep, or to be born again—— [Ex. Roch. to Ex-

Queen. So, this is past and vanquish't! but behold *ecution.*
 A greater yet—— Now I begin to dread——

Enter Diana, with the young Princess, and Women.

Ah kind *Diana*, wonderful and good!
 This pity that thou shew'st thy dying Friend,
 This little one I hope will live to pay.

Dian. Ah Royal Mistress! *England's* falling Star!
 Best Pattern that e're Earth receiv'd from Heav'n——

I need not fear these Eyes should see you dye.
For ere that time, just grief shall strike me dead;
Or Torrents of these Tears will make me blind.

Queen. Come, lift her to my Arms, and let me kiss her,
For 'tis the last kind Office you will do me.
Now let me press thy little Coral-Lips
With my dead pale ones now! and oh let me
Infuse some of thy Mothers latest Breath,
In Blessings on thy tender, blooming Soul——
What's this that tempts me with a Mothers Fondness!
To break my Resolution, and upbraids me,
That I must leave thee to a Father's Rage,
And yet more cruel Enemies to both?
Leave thee a Lamb, 'mongst Wolves; for all who've been
Thy Mothers Foes will certainly be thine.

Dian. Tygers, nor Devils! or what's more inhumane;
Envy of Mankind cannot be so Curst.

Queen. See, see *Diana*! by my Wrongs it weeps,
Weeps like a thing of Sense, and not a Child;
Like one well understood in Grief; the Tears
Drop sensibly in order down its Cheeks;
And drowns its pretty Speech in thoughtful Sorrow.
Nothing could shoot Infection through my Breast,
But this; and this has done it——

Why weeps my Child? Ah, what a Question's that!

Dian. Behold! how't strives; and betwixt Tears and Throbs,
If it could form a Language, it would speak.

Queen. Strive not for Words, my Child; these little drops
Are far more Eloquent than Speech can be——
Be pitiful, my Lord; and thou, my kind

Diana, ever faithful to thy Queen;
When I am dead, as shortly I shall be,
Take this poor Babe, and carry't to the King;
Its Lips just pregnant with its Mother's Fondness,
Perhaps he'll take her then into his Arms;
And tho' the favour were to me deny'd;
Steal there a Kiss of mine.

Say, 'tis the last Request of *Anna Bullen*——

North. Remove the little Princess
To her Apartment, where we straight will come.

And wait on her; as is the Queen's Command.

Queen. Yet let me hold her but a moment longer,
And with this Kiss, that now must be my last,
Unlock a Secret, which Heav'n dictates to me.
If e're there is a Light that does transcend
Dark, humane Knowledge in the Breast of Man,
Fate to foresee, there is a Light at Death,
And that now bids me speak. Thou, little Child,
Shalt live to see thy Mother's Wrongs o're-paid
In many Blessings on thy Womans State.
From this dark Calumny, in which I set,
As in a Cloud; thou, like a Star, shalt rise,
And awe the Southern World: That holy Tyrant,
Who binds all *Europe* with the Yoak of Conscience,
Holding his Feet upon the Necks of Kings;
Thou shalt destroy, and quite unloose his Bonds,
And lay the Monster trembling at thy Feet.
When this shall come to pass, the World shall see
Thy Mothers Innocence reviv'd in thee.

[*Ex. Women with the Princess Eliz.*]

North. Madam! with greater pain to me than Racks,
I'm forc'd to let you know your Brother's dead:
And that, alas! you must prepare.

Queen. My Lord!
I thank you, you mistake your noble Office;
It is the Voice of Angels to wrong'd Martyrs;
The sound of Cherubs trumpeting from Heav'n——
I've heard it said, amongst our many Ends,
Beheading is the mildest Death of any.
If it be so; I thank my Gracious Lord:
For I was never us'd to pain——How say you?

North. We cannot wish you less, since y'are to dye.
And if the Heads-man do as he's commanded,
'Twill be no more, than 'tis to drop asleep.

Queen. My Lord, I've but a little Neck;
Therefore I hope he'l not repeat his Blow;
But do it, like an Artist, at one stroke.

North. There is no fear. He has particular Order.

Queen. Then let me go; Heav'n chides my fond delay——
But tell the King, I say it as I just

Am going to dye; I both forgive, and blefs him,
And thank him as my kindeft Benefactor——

First from an humble Maid he lifted me
To Honour; then he took me to his Bed,
The higheft State that I could be on Earth;
And now, as if he thought he ne're could do
Enough for me, has mounted me to Heav'n——

North. Mr. Lieutenant on, and lead the way.

Queen. If 'tis no Sin to skip one moment now
Of what belongs to Heav'n; let me remember
Poor *Piercy* once——Here, take this Innocent Kifs,
A Token to you both——'Tis thine and his——
Farewel! *Diana.* Farewell to you all.

Dian. A long farewell to all our Sexes Glory.

Queen. Weep not for me; but hear my dying Sentence.
Any that shall hereafter fall like me.
Falsly accus'd by wicked Men and Traytors;
Tho' in this World y'are great, in Virtue strong;
Never Blaspheme, and say that Heav'n does wrong;
Nor think an undeserved Death is hard;
For Innocence is still its own Reward.
And when th' Almighty makes a Saint, sometimes
He acts by Contraries, and Villains Crimes,
Whilst thus, their Malice always cheated is,
And leads us but the neareft way to Blifs.

[*Exit Queen to Execution, with Northumberland and Guards.*]

Enter Piercy alone.

Pier. I dread the horrid deed is done, or now
A doing, else what means this sudden Gloom
Clad o're the Morning Sky, and all Mankind:
All pafs with Horror by, with frighted Looks and Voice
Lift up to Heav'n, who fees and hears in vain;
Then shake their melancholly heads like Time:
A general Confternation feizes all,
As if the Universal Emprefs of the World,
Nature it felf, were fled with *Anna Bullen*——

Enter a Gentleman with a Handkerchief stain'd with the Queens Blood.

Hast thou beheld this great Eclipse of Virtue?
Speak, is the Queen Beheaded? Hast thou done
As I commanded?

Gent. Sir, when the fatal-blow I saw perform'd,
Swift as a Whirlwind, through the Crowd I rush't,
And, as the Blood from their rich Vessels drain'd,
This Linnen with the Sacred Crimson stain'd.

Pier. Giv't me! and leave me to my self a moment.
Now Sacred Drops, now Heavenly Nectar, first
I'll kiss, then pledge you with a Dying Thirst——
What's this! I feel my Soul beat at my Wound,
And bid me to remember now's the time;
Now to let out Life's Navigable Stream,
And mix it with this most Celestial Flood,
Thus, as kind Rivers to their Ocean run.
First I'll descend by just degrees to Earth,
Thus on my Knees, and wing my Soul to Heaven, [Kneels.
Where *Anna Bullen* waits her *Piercy's* coming;
And with this Bloody Sign the Pow'rs implore,
Like a poor Wretch, Ship-wrackt on some Lone-shoar,
Who spies a Sail far off, waves 'em his Hand
To come, and waft him from the Barren Land.

Enter Diana.

Behold the good *Diana*——By those Tears,
Something of horror 'tis thou hast to say.

Dian. Alas! my Lord, what have you done?
Your Wound does bleed afresh!
Your Looks are alter'd! all those Masculine Beauties,
That shone in your Illustrious Face, and made
The noblest brave Epitomy of Mankind,
Are vanish on a sudden, and you hang
Like a pale Carcass on my trembling Arms——
Hah! let me run and call for help——I'll fetch
Your Father, fetch the King. Quick, let me go——

Pier. O Bear me to some horrid Desert rather,

Where

Where naught but Tygers, Wolves, and Panthers breed,
They are more merciful than King or Parent.

I feel, like the wrong'd *Patriarch*, a desire

To do some fatal Mischief with my End.

Stand by me; and Correct me with thy Virtue,

Else I shall lose the Duty of a Son,

And Subject; do a rashness to be fam'd for,

Pull down a Show'r of Curses on the Heads

Of this *Philistim*-King, and Cruel Father.

Dian. Still, still your looks grow Paler, and your strength
Decays! Oh let me call some help. Who's there?

Pier. Grief, like a subtle Limbeck, by degrees,

With still Diffusion quite dissolves my heart,

And steals by drops my Blood and Spirits away.

But first *Diana*, I'll be just to thee——

I doubt if I have strength to rise again——

[*She raises him upon his Knees.*]

My Father made me Vow to be your Husband;

If I here die——I kneel that you'd forgive me;

But if I live, I'll keep my Promise to you.

Dian. You Faint, you Sink, you Die; some Creature help——

Pier. Go, strive to Lave the Water of the Sea,

And Quench the burning *Ætna*, 'tis in vain,

And so are *Esculapius* Remedies to me——

Look, see'st thou this, as long as I have this,

[*Shews the Handkerchief.*]

This here, to waft me o're Deaths dreadful Main,

I need no Sword, no Poison, nor no Pain.

Dian. What's that I see? Your Blood? Your vital Blood!

Pier. Yes! Of a Heart far Dearer than my own.

Now, now my Blood, my Crowd of Spirits, all

Rush to behold, and with their Standard fall.

Dian. Why stand I here, like Marble made of Woe,

And run not for the Cure of both our Lives?

For should I stay, I shall betray my Love

In dying with him.

[*Exit Diana Running.*]

Pier. Thus when the Generous Lyon sees the Blood

Of his once Royal Master shed like this;

Taking the Lawn, stain'd with Imperial Gore,

At first he Frowns, and then begins to Roar.

Lashes his Sides ; his Fiery Eye-balls rolls,
 and with his awful Voice Revenge he calls ;
 Till finding no Relief, at length He's mute,
 And Weeps, Tears falling from the Kingly Bruite ;
 Then gently on it, as his Death-bed lies,
 And with a Groan, breaks his stout Heart, and Dies.

[Dies.]

Enter Northumberland, and Gentlemen.

Gentl. He's dead ! Alas, He's dead ! W'are come too late !

North. Here let me fix till my Gray-Hairs shall rot,
 Or turn to Snakes, to Plague this Aged Head ;
 And never more be lookt on to upbraid me !
 This is a Punishment for what my Eyes
 Unpitying saw ; and now I feel, dear *Piercy*,
 Thy Father's Curses on his own Head turn,
 And thou art blest, and I alas, forlorn.

Enter King, Lords, Attendants, and Guards.

King. Whom mourn'st thou over ? Whose dead Body's that ?

North. 'Tis *Piercy's*: You and all good Men shou'd weep,
 For you have lost a faithful Queen, and I a Son.

King. Thy Tongue's too bold ! Are all the Traitors dead ?

North. *Norris*, and *Rochford*, and th'unhappy Queen,
 Were all Beheaded in one Fatal Hour ;
 Yet all the Traitors are not dead.

King. What mean'st thou ?

Say ! Who has scap'd ?

North. The Haughty *Blunt*, deckt with
 Her proudest Ornaments of Gold and Jewels,
 Came to behold their Ends upon the Scaffold,
 And saw 'em with a Hellish Cruelty ;
 Till *Anna Bullen's* Head lopp'd from her Body ;
 The brightest Ornament of that Person fell
 Upon that wretched Womans Knees, as She
 Was sitting to behold the Dismal sight :
 The Trunkless Head with darting Eyes beheld her,
 Making a motion with its Lips to speak,
 As if they meant t'upbraid her Curst-Treason.

When

When streight the dreadful Accident so struck her,
 Swift as a Hind she gave a leap, and with
 A sudden shriek, she started into Madness,
 So fierce, that just and speedy Death must follow;
 Then uttering strange, and horrid Guilty Speeches,
 In her distraction she accus'd her self,
 And *Woolsey*: Talkt the Queen was Innocent;
 Saying, the Letters found within her Closet
 Were false, and plac'd by them to ruine Her:
 For which her Cruel Ghost, she said, did haunt her.

King. Where is the Traitor *Woolsey*?

North. Fled to *Essex*.

King. Go you in Person, and secure the Villain!
 Many foul Causes claim his forfeit Life;
 But if I find him Guilty in the least,
 Of a Contrivance with this Cursed Woman;
 (Though the Queen justly merited her End)
 I'll Rack his Soul out with a thousand Tortures.

North. 'Twill be some joy to my Revenge and *Piercy's*.

King. For thy Sons Death, thy King shall be a Mourner—
 Now Heav'n vouchsafe to Pardon till this time,
 What I by Sycophants Advice have done,
 I will be Absolute, and Reign alone:
 For where's a Statesman fam'd for just and wise;
 But makes our Failings, still, his aim to Rise?
 If Subjects thus their Monarchs Wills restrain;
 'Tis they are Kings; for them we idly Reign:
 Then I'll first break the Yoak; this Maxim still
 shall be my Guide (*A Prince can do no Ill!*)
 In spite of Slaves, his Genius let him trust;
 For Heav'n n'ere made a King, but made him just.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

Well, Sirs! Your kind Opinion now, I pray,
 Of this our neither Whig nor Tory-Play;
 To blow such Coales our Conscious Muse denies;
 Wit, Sacred Wit, such Subjects should despise.
 The Author saies his Heliconian stream,
 Is not yet drain'd to such a low extream.
 To abuse one Party with a Cursed Play,
 And Bribe the other for a large third Day.
 Like Gladiators then, you streight resort;
 And Crowd to make your Nero-Faction sport.
 But what's more strange, that Men of sense shou'd do it!
 For Worrying one another, Pay the Poet:
 So Butchers at a Baiting, take delight,
 For him that keeps the Bears, to Roar and Fight;
 Both Friends and Foes, such Authors make their Game,
 Who have your Money, that was all their Ayme:
 No matter for the Play, nor for their Wit;
 The better Farce is Acted in the Pit.
 Both Parties to be cheated, well agree;
 And swallow any Nonsense, so it be
 With Faction fac'd, and guilt with Loyalty.
 Here's such a Rout with Whigging and with Torying,
 That you neglect your dear-lov'd sin of Whoring:
 The Visor-mask, that ventur'd her Half-Crown,
 Finding no hopes but here to be undone;
 Like a Cast Mistress, past her dear-delight,
 Turns Godly streight, and goes to Church in spite;
 And does not doubt, since you are grown so fickle,
 To find more Cullies in a Conventicle.
 We on the Stage stand still, and are content,
 To see you Act what we should Represent.
 You use us like the Women that you Woe;
 You make us sport, and Pay us for it too.
 Well, w'are resolv'd that in our next Play-Bill,
 To Print at large a Tryal of your skill;
 And that five hundred Monsters are to fight,
 Then more will run to see so strange a sight,
 Than the Morocco, or the Muscovite.

FINIS.

